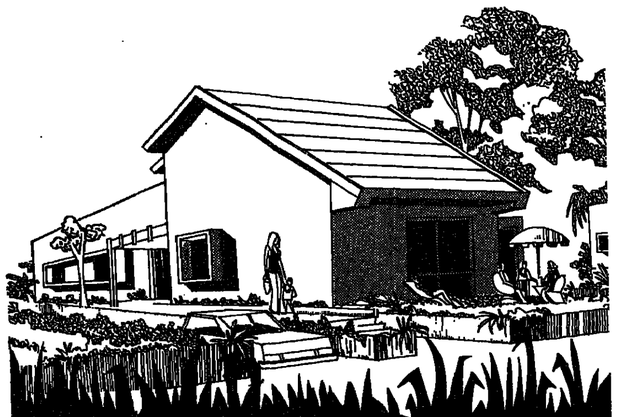
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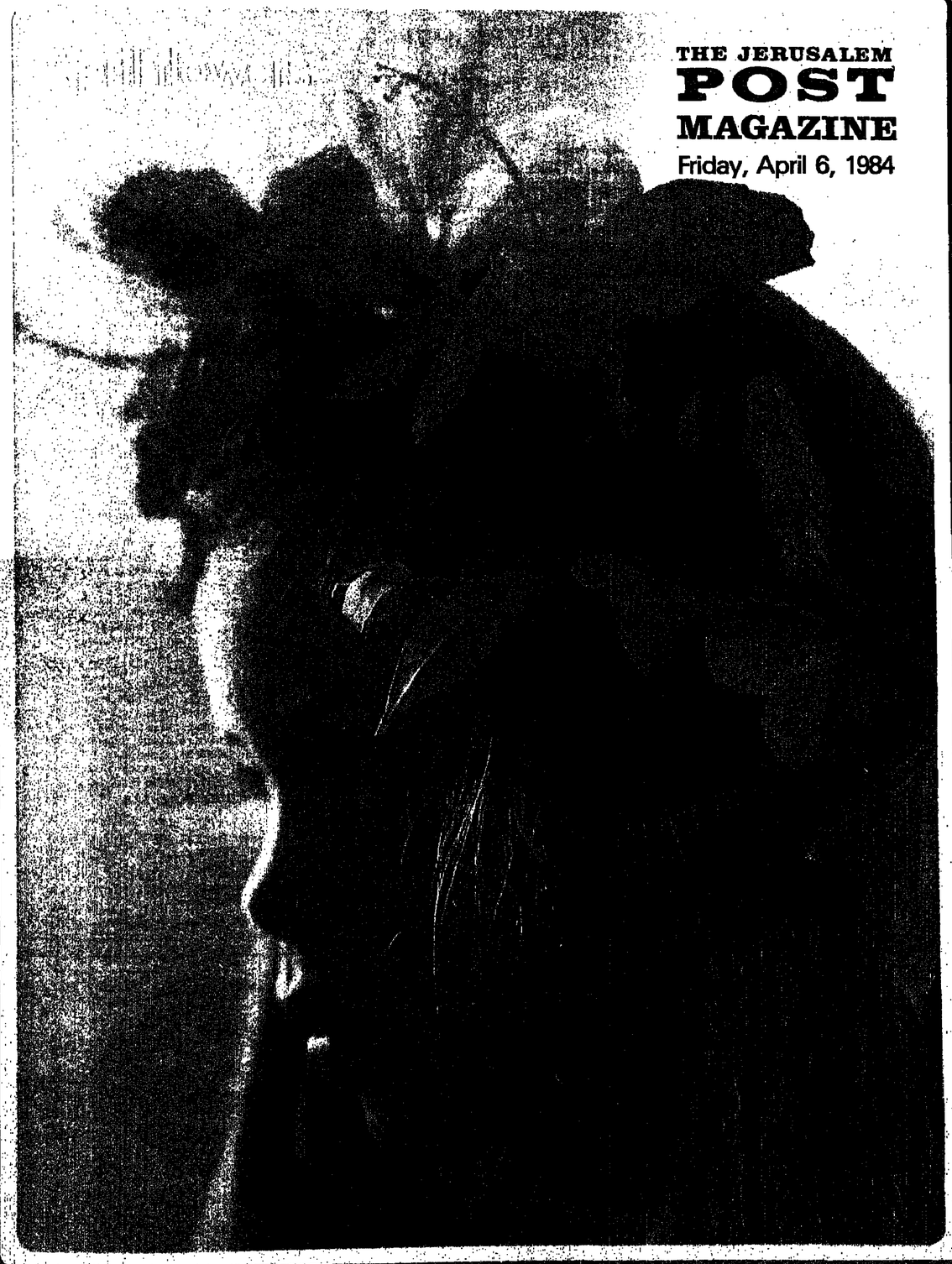
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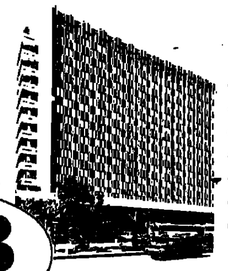
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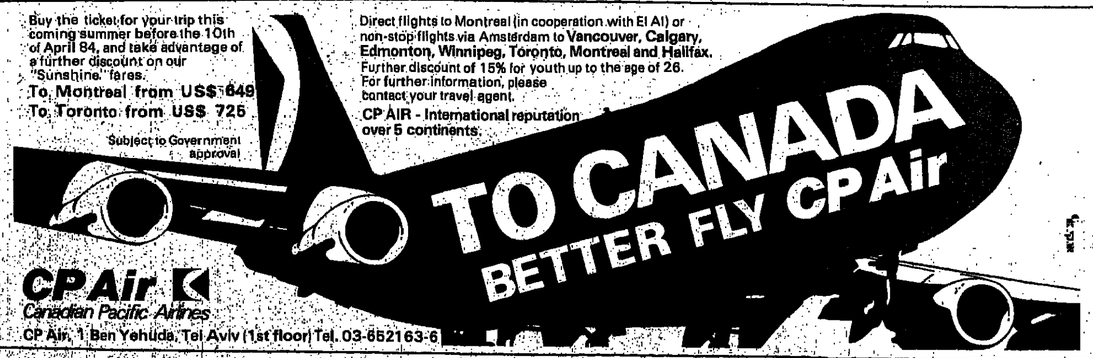
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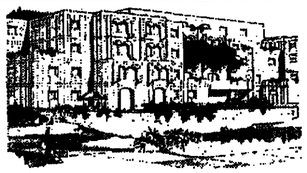


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MUZZLING THE MUSES

The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ investigates the simmering conflict between public sensitivities and artistic freedom of expression.

THREE WEEKS AGO about 200 of the country's leading writers, directors, performing artists, critics and professors in the humanities gathered for a discussion at the Tzavta theatre in Tel Aviv, and unanimously adopted a proposal to set up a watchdog committee to defend freedom of expression in the arts.

It is very difficult to get 200 such individualists to convene in the same place at the same time and listen to each other. It is well-nigh impossible to get them to take an unanimous stand on anything. The fact that they did indicates that they must have been very concerned.

What they're worried about is the increasing number of attacks on artists and what they produce by politicians and public officials. A little-used law against offending the (ill-defined) sensitivities of the public has been involved, and there are proposals to make public funding conditional on public approval of the content of cultural projects. A sore point is offence to national and religious values.

Since almost all cultural and publishing institutions depend on government subsidies to some extent, and some, such as theatres, depend on them for their very existence, this puts much of the country's cultural activity on the line.

Writer Aharon Megged chairs the Israel branch of PEN, the international organization devoted to protecting the rights of writers. It was he who proposed the idea of a watchdog committee at the Tzavta meeting, but he cautions against exaggerating the seriousness of the situation.

"Someone coming to the Tzavta meeting from the outside might have thought this was Chile," he says. "We don't have to act as if we're in a fascist regime." He believes that Israelis have the same degree of freedom that exists in any democratic state, and points out the proliferation of anti-war poetry and plays produced while the IDF has been in Lebanon.

The question is how long that freedom will continue. Megged fears a state of "spiritual occupation" — particularly by religious extremists.

Some of the events of the past year may only point to trends that would prevail. Others are seen as posing an actual threat.

□ In an interview in the now-defunct newspaper *Rehov Rashi*, Deputy Minister of Education and Culture Miriam Ta'asa-Glaser called poet Yona Wollach a "beast in heat" *(b'hema meyuhemet)*. Wollach had published in the monthly literary magazine *Iton 77* a poem called *"T'fillin"* in which the phylacteries of the title are used to embellish sexual intercourse.

In a Knesset debate, Ta'asa-Glaser later acknowledged that her attack was crude, but maintained that it was "true to the spirit of the work" under discussion.

□ Last summer, Tel Aviv University suspended its support of the literary review *Siman Kri'a*, published jointly with Hakibbutz Hameuhad, after it printed a political poem by Yitzhak Laor called "Hymn to the Gush" (Gush Emunim) which includes the phrase: "and in our matzot the blood of Palestinian youths."

After protests in the press and from university professors, the support was restored, under conditions which make its continuation more secure, according to the editor of the review, Prof. Menahem Peri, head of the department of literature.

□ An ultra-Orthodox member of the Haifa City Council found offensive a line of Martin Sherman's play *Messiah*, in which a character disillusioned by Shabbetai Zevi curses God.

After the Haifa Theatre management refused to take the play off the stage or excise the line, there were two bomb scares while the theatre was full. According to Knesset reporters, Agudat Yisrael's Rabbi Shlomo Lorincz, chairman of the Knesset Finance Committee, threatened to hold up 182 billion in government funds owed to the city of Haifa, unless mayor Arye Gurel put pressure on the theatre to comply with the demands of the ultra-Orthodox.

Says theatre manager Noam Semel: "Suddenly you find yourself responsible for the fact that city employees won't get their salaries." In the end, the theatre sought a compromise by asking President Chaim Herzog's intervention. Herzog, without having seen the play, resorted to a 1973 law imposing a one-year jail sentence for offending, in speech or in writing, the religious faith or feelings of others. He asked the theatre to remove the controversial line, and they complied.

The script of *Messiah*, like the script of every other play mounted by public theatres in Israel, had been submitted to the official Film and Theatre Censorship Board, which saw nothing offensive in it.

"We who opposed the censorship board all along found out that even its approval doesn't help," says Semel. "The law was not obeyed."

□ In late December, Rabbi Haim Druckman MK (Matzad) initiated a Knesset debate on "offence to the basic values of Judaism, the nation and the state in theatre productions." He proposed the establishment of a "public/government committee" which would determine criteria for support of public culture, and deny it to any work it considers offensive.

After vigorous debate, the motion he offered — on behalf of the Likud — for a vote was less specific. It expressed concern about offensive material in the theatre and literature, said that it posed the danger of moral decline, and called for reinforcement of religious and national values among the nation's youth.

Yossi Sarid (Alignment) proposed a counter-motion opposing any intervention in artistic, creative and intellectual life. Druckman's motion got 50 votes; Sarid's, 47.

OPINIONS vary as to the specific events of Likud rule during the past seven years. "Literature by its nature is always in the opposition — to the political establishment and to the literary establishment," says *Siman Kri'a* editor Peri. "Levi Eshkol used to wonder why writers don't bring up 'the good things also.' "

Among the few major writers with right-wing leanings the name of the late Uri Zvi Greenberg always comes up. But in his poems he too cursed the Lord and used imagery some would find crude. Peri made that point in a public reading of the poet's work a few months ago. "If the president is going to pull out the law against offence to the sensitivities of the public, they'll have to imprison all of us." Including, he says, those who recently published a new National Library edition of Uri Zvi's work.

Peri cites the response of MK Gouli Cohen (Tehiya), who participated in the same programme: "She said she was against application of that law, but in favour of protecting the public against Yona Wollach."

Once you start protecting, says the anti-censorship camp, there's no end to it. "There's no such thing as 'a little intervention' " according to MK Yossi Sarid (Alignment).

Peri says that what has always characterized Labour politicians is an admiration for literature, even a "romantic" view of it. He names a number of Alignment MKs who write poetry on the sly or in the open, and says they are well informed. "They don't just read jacket blurbs."

Does that suggest there will be a change in atmosphere if the Alignment returns to power in the July elections? Not necessarily. "They may be shocked to find, after seven years in the opposition, that literature is *not* with them."

Those who link the decline in tolerance with the rise of the Likud point out that it was the Likud coalition that gave Agudat Yisrael such strength — both explicit political power and the less easily defined release of religious extremism.

Megged gives an example which indicates that "fanatical opposition to freedom of expression has got the upper hand": Twenty years ago, Habimah put on its play *Bereshit (In the Beginning)*, a parody of the Paradise story. One of the characters was a man called The Owner of the Garden.

"For the religious," says Megged, "presenting God as a man is much worse than a curse on the stage." Yet the only protest at the time took the form of a query in the Knesset from a National Religious Party MK. The minister of education and culture responded, and the play went on.

"And that was in the national theatre of Israel," he adds, comparing the situation to the controversy over *Messiah* in Haifa. The paradox of increasing influence by the religious is of course their relatively small representation in the Knesset. — about 4 per cent each for Agudat and for the NRP.

AT THE CENTRE of the controversy is far more than the calculation of percentage-versus-pressure under this government or that. The clash involves basic questions of what art is and what its role in society should be; and a choice of priorities between the rights of the individual and the values of the national or religious groups.

Those who favour censorship often ignore the irony, the distancing effect of speech on the stage, or the way its meaning changes in the mouths of different characters. They assume, as Peri puts it, that "a curse is a curse."

Ta'asa-Glaser says you can't justify everything by calling it a metaphor. But metaphors are different from ordinary speech. Whether they succeed or not artistically is another question.

When I asked Ta'asa-Glaser if she saw a difference between the expresson of a character on a stage and, for instance, writing in a newspaper, her response referred not to the nature of art, but to the question of who's paying: Most newspapers in this country are linked to political parties, she said, so their "line" is to be expected. But theatres are supported by public funds — i.e., they should be for everyone.

The spokesmen for free expression say, of course, that art cannot be designed by external criteria, and that instead of breaking the mirrors, we ought to check our faces.

Those who defend the disputed products of the creative process — the recent anti-war poems, for instance — don't claim that their artistic quality is necessarily high. Some don't approve of the messages they convey or the fact that they convey "messages" at all. But the name they drop most frequently is Voltaire's, who said, in effect: "I disagree with what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it."

THE NAME Rabbi Druckman drops is that of Rabbi Avraham Yitzhak Hacohen Kook. Druckman's presentation of his anti-offence motion in the Knesset and the ensuing debate reflect the clash of views on the role of art in society.

In the debate, Druckman quoted Rabbi Kook as saying that the role of literature, painting and sculpture is to bring to expression "all the spiritual concepts imbued in the depths of the human soul." The arts are even "obligated" to do so. *But* it is "taken for granted" that only those resources whose expression would "perfume the air of reality" are worthy of development.

Yossi Sarid calls this the "deodorant" theory of art.

For Druckman, art must educate; it must be prescriptive rather than descriptive. He condemns the "stink" of permissiveness as found on the modern stage and expressed in such poems as Yona Wollach's.

He anticipates any argument that negative example can be constructive by citing a story the rabbis tell: A young man concerned about his father's excessive drinking goes to the market and sees a drunk lying in the rain, abused by local youths. He runs home to bring his father, so that he too can witness this example of the evils of excess, and mend his ways. The father arrives, surveys the scene and bends and whispers to the drunk: "Where did you get such good wine?"

Those who argue against Druckman point out that art is not education, either by positive or negative example. It does not prescribe what society ought to be, but reflects what it is. Though it embodies certain truths, it is in itself a fiction, as some artists have said, it is not required to exhibit journalistic balance.

Miriam Ta'asa-Glaser has a response to that: "If theatre is supposed to be a fiction, why does rape on the stage have to be so explicit?" She refers to Hanoch Levin's latest play, *The Lost Women of Troy*.

WHAT Yossi Sarid found missing in Druckman's proposal is any mention of the rights of the individual, which to his mind have priority over the rights of the state and nation. The sacrifice of Isaac, which religious Jews see as the ultimate test of faith, Sarid sees as "God's bad joke." It is the clash of humanism and nationalism, democracy and theocracy.





(Opposite) *Voltaire*. (Above) *Deputy Minister Miriam Ta'asa-Glaser*.

PEN Chairman Aharon Megged. (Below) *Matzad MK Haim Druckman*.



Says Ta'asa-Glaser: "They trample and crush the values of the Jewish state. I don't call that humanism."

Each side has its rhetoric and its excesses. But is there some common ground between the ultra-religious and the humanist view? Novelist and poet Haim Be'er, who left his ultra-Orthodox background but remains religiously observant, is a vigorous supporter of freedom of expression in the arts. I thought he might know if there is some way to explain to Rabbi Druckman in his own terms the meaning of such freedom.

"You can't talk to them," he said. "All you can do is fight them."

The "them" he refers to are the "militant, chauvinist Eretz-Yisrael Orthodox" on the one hand and the "Diaspora *haredim*" on the other. The first are Druckman's camp, and the second that of Agudat Yisrael, which has misgivings about the Zionist state but is pleased to participate in its governing coalition.

What about those who believe that humanism springs from Jewish sources? " 'Judaism' is one of the most misleading words I know," says Be'er. "I don't know what it is. It's a conglomeration."

He offers the example of two nearly identical quotes from the Gemara: One says that if someone saves one life, it is as if he has saved a whole world. The other says that if someone saves one life *among Israel*, it is as if he has saved a whole world. So the conflict between humanism and nationalism exists in Judaism itself. "It depends on who has the upper hand at the moment," Be'er says.

He grits his teeth and remembers Uri Zohar, the entertainer-turned-rabbi, who tells non-religious Jews: If someone gave me a million dollars *not* to put on *tefillin* for one day, I wouldn't agree. If someone gave you a million dollars to put on *tefillin* for one day, you would do it. From that he concludes, incorrectly, that non-religious Jews have no values, Be'er says.

Perhaps the problem is how clearly defined their values are, and whether humanists actively promote them or merely dig in their heels against an onslaught of other ideologies.

Megged says, "there's no ideology of humanism around to oppose the 'spiritual occupation' by the religious. The workers' movement is weak, and the General Zionists are gone. They used to be the liberal centre, the Russians with enlightened ideas. And now the Liberals are in the Likud trap *(milkud halikud)*." Humanism, he says, is a "city without walls."

MEANWHILE, up in their garrets, writers continue to wear out their typewriter ribbons. In the wicked cities, theatre managers fill their halls. But the worry is there — about "atmosphere" and about legislation.

Theatres are considered the most vulnerable to the pressure of the authorities, since they enjoy government subsidies of at least 50 per cent. The municipal theatres get part of their budget from their city councils — and sometimes members of their management boards as well. So they are subject to the vagaries of city coalitions in addition to those of the national coalition.

Haifa isn't the only municipal theatre with problems. Tsippie Pincs, manager of the Beersheba Municipal Theatre, says that they had a near-crisis last year over a painted, nude body in *Plenty*, the play by David Hare. Two Aguda members of the city council pressured Mayor Eliahu Navi to have the nudity removed. When he refused to put pressure on the theatre management, they quit the coalition.

"Last year the mayor had enough support on the city council without them. If it happens this year, there won't be a coalition."

She admits that the possibility alone makes her think twice when choosing repertoire. "It's as if they've already taken away my freedom." It's hard to tell when self-censorship begins to interfere with artistic considerations.

While Druckman wants a central government committee to approve repertoire, Ta'asa-Glaser would be content with a committee of artists and intellectuals chosen by each public theatre to have the final word in artistic affairs. "Why should there be just one artistic director, an artistic dictator?" she asks. "Let him consult with eight people. It's more democratic."

BUT SOME of the most dedicated adherents of democracy point out that art direction is not a committee project.

Even proposals that theatre people see as well intentioned are considered dangerous by many of them. One example is a bill by MK Micha Reiser (Likud) which would require each theatre to devote about one-third of its repertoire to original Israeli works. While all theatres are interested in encouraging native work, their primary criterion is quality. "You can't legislate good theatre," he says Avner Shalev, head of the Education and Culture Ministry's culture division, and chairman of the board of the Public Council for Culture and the Arts, whose consultants in the various fields advise on the distribution of subsidies.

A document produced by the council itself has aroused the wrath of Knesset Education and Culture Committe chairman Ora Namir (Alignment) and the scepticism of theatre administrators. Some would welcome its demand for clearer operating regulations. But others are worried about a clause that would give the artistic director the choice of consulting with management or a repertory committee on controversial questions, though reserving for himself the final decision.

Shalev sees that as a way of "protecting the artistic director from pressure." Others say that it would in effect *require* him to consult in order to enjoy such protection, and he would thereby lose his artistic autonomy. The formula is still being refined.

Namir has not only opposed any increase in supervision, but has suggested that the existing Public Council be given a status totally independent of the ministry — similar to the Council for Higher Education. That would divide up Shalev's two jobs.

In her proposal to the Knesset, she sums up the importance of independence in the arts: "It's difficult, it's not pleasant, it's sometimes almost impossible to live with the outcry of art that criticizes. But that's the fine line in democratic life between freedom in creation, in expression, in criticism, and an authoritarian regime. Using the whip of money to impose the taste and views of the government means the end of democratic society."

In the midst of the tension, and despite the stand of Ta'asa-Glaser, no one that I talked to cited any clear instance of pressure from the Education Ministry to curb free expression. And despite attacks on the plays of Hanoch Levin, he and his work have received two major prizes this year. One is the first annual Lea Porat prize for original theatre, awarded by the Public Council for Culture and the Arts. To Druckman that is anathema; to artists — perhaps even those passed over by the prize committee — that represents hope.

THE watchdog committee initiated at Tzavta is still in the process of forming. Poet and columnist Moshe Dor, one of the organizers of the Tzavta meeting, says it's the first time writers have got together without settling accounts over what each wrote about the other's book. But Haim Be'er pointed out some conspicuous absentees: Amos Oz, Haim Guri, A.B. Yehoshua. In any case, all organizations of writers, artists, film directors, actors and other performing artists will be represented.

Be'er says the only way to exert real influence is to stage a total boycott — refuse to accept scholarships or prizes or appear in the media — if government support is made conditional. But, he adds, those who take an active part in organizing feel exploited by those who don't. "Basically, you just want to be able to sit and write. □

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MUDDY WATERS

Two Israeli scholars recently challenged a myth by claiming that the swamps of the Emek were not swamps at all. The Post's YA'ACOV FRIEDLER investigated the historians' claims and counter-claims. Here is his report.

THE WINDS of nihilism blowing through the country have been felling our myths.

In a recent issue of *Katedra*, the Ben Zvi Institute's historical quarterly, two Haifa University geographers, Drs. Yoram Bar-Gal and Shmuel Shamai, set out in an 11-page article to demolish one of the great Zionist myths: the reclamation and settlement just over 60 years ago of the Emek, the marshes of the Jezreel Valley.

This endeavour, which turned a malarial wilderness into thriving farmland dotted with kibbutzim and villages "from Bet Alfa to Nahalal" and including the town of Afula, has been crowned by our collective consciousness as one of the glories of the Zionist enterprise.

The article did not go unchallenged. *Katedra* published a series of angry reactions in defence of the "myth of the Emek." "And whether or not the Emek was a marshland before we came," veteran pioneer and statesman Ya'acov Hazan commented, "the large number of our comrades who succumbed to malaria is beyond argument."

References from Mark Twain through Hebrew poems and songs to a Templar memorial stone and a German World War I Air Force map were all invoked to support one side or the other in the controversy.

In their article, Bar-Gal and Shamai argue that great national myths are created wherever man meets the land to settle new frontiers. Citing the United States and New Zealand as examples, they assert that such myths do not necessarily stand up to historical analysis.

THE MYTH of the Emek marshes is, they say, one of the strongest in Israel, fostered by the education system over four generations. The marshes that existed in the Emek prior to the Jewish settlement drive of the early 1920s impressed themselves on the public mind not only in terms of the waterlogged land where nothing could flourish, but "especially as a land of malaria.

"Marshes suggest a region devoid of human habitation or farming activity, in total contrast to the landscape created by Jewish settlement, symbolized by terms like 'green fields,' 'revival of the soil,' and 'modern settlement.' The term 'marsh' is thus closely associated with death... draining relates to life and revival in the public perception of Israel."

The geographers refer to memoirs of the pioneers and works by Hebrew writers which make the settlement of the Emek sound so impressive. They quote a 1940 poem by Sh. Shalom describing the *halutzim* arriving, pitching their tents, doing backbreaking work during the day as mosquitoes sucked their blood and then defiantly dancing through the nights. "The writers fashioned the raw material of the memoirs into an indelible message," they hold.

What sort of reality did these marshes have outside the emotional public conception of them?

To determine their actual extent, the geographers cite sources from the period. In *Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain recounts his short visit to the Emek in 1867 when he viewed it from Mt. Tabor.

"The view is almost beautiful," Twain writes. "Beneath us stretches the flat, wide Jezreel Valley, studded with fields... dotted on its edges by white, densely built-up villages."

Earlier, a 1799 map drawn by Napoleon's forces "showed cultivated fields in the Emek."

A "more precise" map drawn nearly a century later, in 1878, by the Palestine Exploration Fund, marks "many springs" (which can cause marshes) but sites them "in the margins of the Emek with one marsh marked (west of Afula) but specifically described as a winter (i.e. seasonal) marsh."

They go on to quote memoirs of the pioneers which, they hold, stress the cultivation of the Emek and the raising of the first crops rather than the marshes. From the *Hebrew Encyclopaedia* they quote an entry by A. Pollack saying "when the lands of the Emek were made over to the Soursouk family in 1872, they included more than 20 settlements with 4,000 inhabitants" to prove that the Emek was not a malarial wilderness.

Cited as "the most important key to the extent of the marshes in the Emek" are statistical tables published in 1936 by Avraham Granot, one of the leaders of the Jewish National Fund. These show that the marshes covered 1,935 of the 186,700 dunams of land allocated for cultivation, a total of only 1.03 per cent.

Bar-Gal and Shamai concede that "malaria was widespread in the Emek" but argue that its incidence was exaggerated and that it was in any event overcome within a year or two from the start of Jewish settlement in 1921.

"The reality of the Emek on the eve of Jewish settlement as pictured in the sources we have cited shows that the marshes were very small, contrary to the image that emerges from the writings which created the myth of the marshes of the Emek," they assert.

They hold that the creation of the myth was helped along by factors outside the Emek "on the national level, the level of the Zionist enterprise.

"The Emek became the myth of settlement, the symbol of Zionist endeavour, following the difficult period of the First World War, when Jewish settlement activity declined."

"For the purpose of enhancing the image of activity and renewal of the settlement drive, Zionism tended to show Eretz Yisrael as an empty wasteland waiting to be redeemed and worked. In the Emek, the symbolic terms for describing the wastelands were 'marshes' and 'malaria'," the geographers write.

They conclude that Zionism, as a national-sociological movement, developed a system of images, symbols and myths for the purpose of transmitting its social message and reinforcing its internal solidarity.

"It should therefore not come as a surprise that the comparison of desert with settlements, marshes with flourishing fields became the dominant image of the Emek."

They sum up: "While the actual marshes were quite small in size their power to evoke imagery was vast."

REACTION TO THE article was fast and furious. In the very next issue of *Katedra*, Hillel Birger, an engineer and doyen of the country's topographers, charged that Bar-Gal and Shamai "fitted the facts to their theory" and deliberately favoured as scientific evidence those sources which downplayed the marshes, while dismissing as "literature" or "retroactively created myths" other sources which pointed them up.

A glance at the map, Birger wrote, shows that Mark Twain viewed the Emek from a distance of 15km. from its eastern part and 20km. from its western part. "Did Bar-Gal and Shamai consider just how much can be seen from such a distance, even with the use of the binoculars available at that time?" he asked. He invalidated Twain's description as scientific evidence, saying it was more fitting for a travel book.

"The authors dwell on Mark Twain, but allow only a footnote to the sombre description of the Emek by Henry Baker Tristram, who actually travelled through the Emek 120 years ago and didn't just view it from a distance," Birger remarked.

In any case, what is relevant is not the conditions of 100 or 150 years ago, but those prevailing in 1921 when the settlement of the Emek was started, said Birger, claiming that Bar-Gal and Shamai had even redrawn the geography of the Emek, including much more than the 50,000 dunams the pioneers were given to reclaim. They went so far as to misrepresent Pollack's mention in the encyclopaedia of the Arab inhabitants in 1872, Birger said, by leaving out what he said about them: "They drained no marshes and did little planting. The villages were particularly sparsely populated in the plain, which was one reason Jewish settlement was directed to the plain (Emek)."

Nor had they fully quoted Granot's tables, picking out only what furthered their case, while omitting statistics that showed the Emek was "inhabited" by a total of 9.6 people per sq.km. before the Jewish settlement. This statistic proved the Emek was virtually empty and not "vacated" for Zionist purposes.

The meaning of the Hebrew *bitza* includes both the English "marsh," a temporary condition that disappears naturally in summer, and "swamp," which is a permanent state. While Birger disputed as "not proved" the geographers' contention that what there was of the Emek marshes disappeared during the summer, he dismissed the argument as in any case irrelevant, "because the settlement of the Emek was not for the summer seasons alone."

Citing contemporary memoirs describing some of the marshes, he noted that remains of earlier settlements found in the area testify to their abandonment because of malaria. The three colonies established in the Emek by the German Templars 60 years before the great Jewish settlement also fell into ruin, their inhabitants either succumbing to malaria or simply giving up, diligence and devoutness notwithstanding.

The lands of the Emek were purchased by the JNF in 1921 and drained from 1922 to 1924 by the then novel method of drainage pipes and canalization, as against the planting of eucalyptus trees to "absorb" the marsh waters that had been practised by the earlier Zionist settlers in the coastal plain.

Birger held that the Granot statistics quoted by Bar-Gal and Shamai were not relevant because they referred to the situation 10 to 15 years later, registering only those marshes that were still left after the project of draining was completed.

Moreover, in his introduction to his tables, Granot himself noted: "Prior to 1920, the Jezreel Valley lands were considered as the Hula marshes are today (1936), unfit for farming because of malaria infestation." Thus, had the marshes covered only "a tiny fraction" of the Emek," Granot would not have compared them to the Hula marshes.

Birger cited large-scale maps prepared by Pinhas Rutenberg in 1922 for the drainage project which "precisely show the extent of the marshes, covering 19 per cent of the land." Moreover, he held that the extent of the marshes was also indicated by the fact that 40 per cent of the labour force engaged in the draining caught malaria. The records, he said, also showed that relatively huge sums were allocated to the drainage; that 50,000 days were spent on the work and hundreds of kilometres of drainage pipes were laid by the halutzim.

They toiled in terrible heat, and stood chest-high in the smelly marsh waters doing the work that in every other colony had been assigned to the "natives." Many died, he wrote, while others suffered poor health for the rest of their lives. Hardly a man escaped some degree of illness.

Birger charged that Bar-Gal and Shamai deliberately ignored these descriptions from the sources they quoted "because it is of course impossible to drain marshes that they say didn't exist."

He concluded: "The attempt to belittle the courage of those who drained the Emek marshes, to wipe out the remembrance of their self-sacrifice and suffering, at a time when some of the actors of that great drama are still alive, moves me to propose that a monument be set up to these giants in the Emek."

MENAHEM ZENTNER was one of the 18 men and one woman who founded Kibbutz Sarid in the Emek, and lives there still. In an article "The Marshes of the Emek — Did They Exist Or Did We Dream a Myth?" he quotes Tristram's description of his Emek travels. One day he records his party's mules collapsing after stumbling through the morass while the men "sank in the mud to our knees."

An English tourist, Gertrude Bell, wrote about her February, 1905 visit: "The mud reached up to our knees, the mules collapsed and the donkeys almost disappeared in the mire."

From his own early Emek experience Zentner recalls that quinine was not enough to keep off the malaria and says the pioneers were careful to keep their arms and legs covered and sleep under mosquito nets. They kept their iron-wheeled tractor off the boggy soil, but when they got their first Caterpillar machine and ventured into a field with it "it sank and sank and we worked for days on end to extract it."

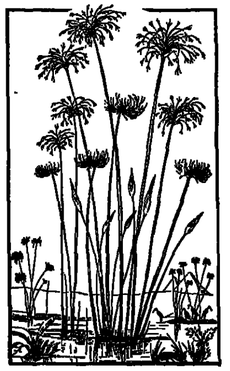
In an article in *Katedra*, Tel Aviv University geographers Gideon Bieger and Amnon Kartin assert that Avraham Granot's "optimistic" statistics on the Emek marshes cited by Bar-Gal and Shamai were compiled with an ulterior motive: to refute the 1931 British Hope-Simpson report that there was no land left in Palestine to settle Jewish immigrants. Granot was intent on showing that this was not so, and that even marsh land could, after draining, be made productive.

"His statistics, which differ from all other published data, must be viewed against this background. They were clearly slanted," the Tel Aviv experts say.

On the other hand, they assert, if the Bar-Gal-Shamai thesis is accepted then we have a situation where "one of the major symbols of the revival of the people of Israel in their land" is "based on lies and legends." These experts hold that Bar-Gal and Shamai "in their eagerness to undo myths," did not do their work properly, failed to check their facts and converted the empty and marshy Emek into "a flourishing garden with only negligible bits of bog here and there, while the legend of the marshes was the creation only of propaganda."

The geographers note that for the draining of the "negligible" marshes at Nahalal and Ein Harod, recorded sums of £1,720 and £33,000, respectively, were spent, at a time when the total annual budget of the Palestine government was only £1.5 million.

They quote the first British High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, who described the Emek in 1921 as a wasteland, deserted, with four or five impoverished Arab villages on the high points and no other signs of human beings, not a single house or tree to be seen anywhere.



Musicologist Eliyahu Hacohen, well known from his TV series on Hebrew songs, also entered the fray. In *Katedra*, he denied Bar-Gal and Shamai's claim that the Sh. Shalom poem had even mentioned the Emek marshes let alone become the popular song they said had done so much to foster the myth.

In fact, wrote Hacohen, the poem was not set to music until 1941, in Kibbutz Na'an, and then was only sung at Kibbutz seders. It was recorded and broadcast only in May 1950, he said, negating the "charge that it had helped create the myth three decades before."

Moreover, Hacohen, an acknowledged authority on Hebrew songs, noted: "Of the dozens of songs about the Emek that I know, I can't think of one that is likely to foster 'the myth of the marshes'."

Indeed, but for an allusion in two songs "unsung and unremembered, it would be possible to state categorically that Hebrew songs totally ignored the draining of the Emek marshes." Hacohen therefore found it difficult to see on what basis Bar-Gal and Shamai had rushed to assert that the Hebrew songs had helped spread "this myth."

THE JOURNAL gave Bar-Gal and Shamai a chance to answer their critics. Writing on behalf of himself and his colleague, Bar-Gal backtracked noticeably. The geographers had had no intention of belittling the Jewish settlement of the Emek, he said. "Like so many others, we are profoundly moved by the achievement."

They had wished only to deal with the problem of "human perception of the environment, how individuals, a group, or even a whole society perceive, imagine and interpret their environment. Research has shown that man applies selection in his perception of his environment which results in over-emphasizing some facets at the expense of others."

Bar-Gal explained that the use of the word *bitza*, was intended to describe the English "swamp" and that the article had, in fact, meant to deal with the extent of the swamps in the Emek, not the marshes which, when drained, could become flourishing farmland.

The publicly accepted image had been that of the Emek covered by permanent swamps, he said. But even the marshes had covered only a relatively small area. To support this assertion, he reproduced World War I German air froce maps, based on Palestine Exploration Fund maps, augmented by aerial photography.

The two could not accept the argument that Avraham Granot had deliberately contracted the Emek marshes to present an optimistic picture, because if he had wanted to prove the availability of land suitable for farming, the argument that so many marshes had been drained and made cultivable would have served his purpose much better.

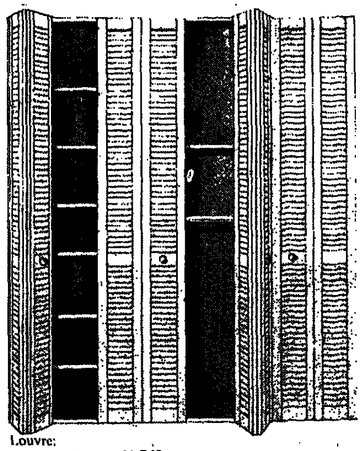
Bar-Gal asserted that he and his colleague had satisfactorily proved that the swamps covered only a fraction of the Emek.

"By proving the 'archeological truth,' we have neither denied nor changed the 'historical truth'," he said. "It is not the extent of the swamps in the Emek that is historically (perhaps geographically) important, but the great settlement project of those bold and dedicated pioneers who made the environment of the Jezreel Valley a flourishing one."

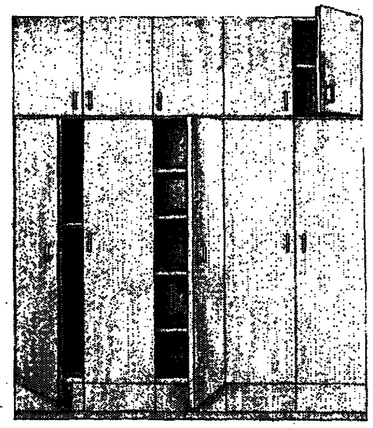
Malaria, and not the extent of the marshes, was the real problem that faced the settlers. The Emek settlers' fight with malaria while successfully taking root in the land is the great epic," Bar-Gal wrote.

So it wasn't marshland but swamp. Not a myth but an epic. A great human achievement reduced to semantics. Or, as Hillel Birger called his article: "The Draining of the Myth." □

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LEBANESE VIGIL

DAVID BRAUNER checks things out at a roadblock near Lake Kar'oun.



WE RETURNED to Lebanon not in triumph, but in confusion, our minds a jumble of apprehension and expectation, of curiosity and reluctance. Twenty-one months had passed since our unit fought in "Operation Peace for Galilee," and this was our first time back.

Some big changes had occurred in some of the men's lives. Shlomo was looking very well fed, he had a wife now, and she was in her ninth month. Shaya, a sour-faced Russian immigrant who seems to be bearing all the world's troubles on his shoulders, said simply, "I'm now married—the war influenced me." Lawyer Rafi told us our Dutch friend Uri committed suicide in Singapore. Uri had never been happy in Israel, but that didn't affect his qualities as a soldier, we eulogized.

Prior to going to Lebanon, we were taken to a Haga camp to collect our gear, test our weapons and practice jumping off "safaris" if attacked. Safaris, open trucks which the army has now substituted for Egged buses, are now exclusively used to transport soldiers in Lebanon.

Throughout the days of our pre-Lebanon training the word we heard most often was "vigilance." If we were vigilant, they said nothing would happen to us. I, for one, was not convinced. We couldn't stop an attack, we could only answer it. Moshe, a banker from Jerusalem, thought differently: whatever happens, it won't happen to us—it's always somebody else.

We were awoken in the middle of the night and told to get on the buses. With each soldier went a prodigious amount of equipment. One man wasn't far off the mark when he jokingly said, "For every Israeli soldier they call up, they should also call a porter."

Our bus bolted through the dark and arrived at the safari staging area in Kiryat Shmona in the morning. By the afternoon we were on the trucks and on our way. In the meantime we had sat around for hours begrudging our lost sleep. Why get up so early, only to sit around doing nothing? Why? To fulfil the old army adage: hurry up and wait.

WEARING HELMETS and flak jackets, we were on the road for some time before we reached our position, a roadblock at a fork in the road. To the right there was a steep decline and to the left the road curved around to two Shi'ite villages.

We clambered up the sandbag steps to the encampment, half dragging, half carrying our weighty kitbags. Moshe, Eli, our English teacher from Kibbutz Rosh Hanikra, and I opted to sleep in the tent rather than in the cramped, stiflingly over-heated metal huts. As we entered the tent, somebody told us, "There's room in here if you don't mind sleeping with three Haddadniks." We shot quizzical looks at each other; the fellow quickly added, "They're one hundred per cent." So it was settled.

The three Haddadniks, members of the late Maj. Sa'ad Haddad's militia, wore IDF uniforms and slept in IDF sleeping bags. The only distinctive outward difference between them and us was the weapons they carried, the Russian made AK-47 assault rifle. Hani, 24, a Druse, was of slight build; he had a broad smile and an intelligent twinkle in his eyes. Najib, 28, also a Druse, was a larger, maturer man with a broad, open face. Mahfoud, 18, was a Moslem whose slanted forehead, greasy brown hair and small twisted mouth gave him a rather sinister appearance, though in fact he turned out to be little more than a simple-minded kid.

We quickly learned through sign language and translation (virtually all our soldiers of Sephardi background spoke some Arabic) that the Haddadniks earned a clean $400 a month. For this they worked a six-hour day at the roadblock. They did no night guarding or any other duties. Hani and Najib washed their own dishes after meals. Four days' service were followed by two days' leave, so that one was always at home. They supplemented their wages with a constant flow of cigarettes, sweets, fruits proffered by drivers passing through the roadblock.

The worth of the Haddad militia was a constant source of debate among the Israeli soldiers. Some contended they were our only hope for getting out of Lebanon; and that we had to work with them and trust them. Others, calling them *"partisanim"*, said they lacked equipment, discipline and communications, and, in short, were not an army.

Later on, however, I chanced to overhear an exchange between Avner, a tall building superintendent from Jerusalem, and a Haddad officer, who was temporarily stranded at the roadblock. The conversation began in Arabic, but Avner switched to Hebrew when he learned the officer had spent much time in army courses in Israel. His Hebrew was excellent, and I was very impressed by the man's calibre.

Avner's words went right to the heart of the Lebanese problem. He said that we Jews in Israel, Sephardim and Ashkenazim, religious and non-religious, may not have any great love for each other, but for the sake of the nation and its survival we work together. Why can't the Lebanese Christians, Druse and Moslems do the same? The Haddad officer replied that, left to their own devices, the Lebanese could also work together, but intervention by the Syrians, Americans, French and Israelis in support of the various groups prevents an end to the fighting.

WE QUICKLY settled down. In the distance the snow-covered, cloud-crowned peak of Jabal Barukh watched silently over our puny doings. At the foot of the mountain we could see the dam that forms Lake Kar'oun, but the lake itself was not visible from our altitude.

Our routine consisted of checking vehicles at the roadblock during the day, and guard duty at night. Being winter, it took us 15-20 minutes, just to dress and undress, especially at night. When on duty we wore flak jackets and a full belt with eight magazines in it, but mercifully no helmets. At first the weight of our equipment deadened all feeling in our necks and shoulders. Time was spent preparing meals, washing dishes, pots and pans, pumping fuel for our heating stoves, burning the refuse, and seeing to the generator (the "puck-puck"), the hot water and the supplies.

The conditions we found in camp were far from good. There were no longer enough dishes, pots and pans for the purpose of keeping kashrut. The kitchen tent and dining tent, instead of being next to each other, were impractically separated by the soldiers' quarters. All the time we were on the verge of running out of water, cooking gas and fuel for our generator, and no amount of cajoling over the radio could speed up deliveries of these essentials.

Everyone developed upset stomachs, headaches, colds and fevers. I kept a roll of toilet paper over my bed at all times. Many complained they couldn't sleep because of the conditions — too hot, too cold, noise and lights as men got dressed and undressed, as watches changed. Moshe reported unusually vivid dreams, which was something that I experienced only during the war. All I remember were recurring visions of E.T. flashing through my mind.

The day after we arrived, the first round of home-leave began. From Lebanon there are two three-day leave periods a week. Which is not as long as it seems, since travelling back and forth takes up two days.

Eli, whose service was reduced officially for school reasons, voluntarily gave up a period of leave so that others doing the full 33 days could have at least two leaves. "Anyway," he rationalized, "my wife doesn't want me to travel unnecessarily in Lebanon." His noble gesture was not matched by others in his position; one man did not return after his second leave, thus preventing someone else from going.

With people always away, manpower was in critically short supply. Fortunately, our immediate officer, Avi, a Tel Aviv banker, kept his sleeves rolled up and exempted himself neither from guard-duty day and night nor from KP and the like.

We had few diversions. Backgammon was the only game most people played. The radio we received only worked with a matchstick forced under the dial, and at full volume, much to the distress of people trying to sleep. The quartermaster of our unit told us, to our surprise, that every position is entitled to a video television set "to help pass the time." Where all the TVs had gone *nobody knew; only headquarters* managed to get one.

THE ANARCHY that is Lebanon today soon becomes apparent after a few days of checking cars at the roadblock. First, all the cars themselves: there are cars with German, Dutch and Swiss licence plates, with all manner of Lebanese plates and no plates at all. There are cars with no lights, no bonnets and no doors. Often tires are completely bald, fenders are tied on with pieces of wire and windows are plastic taped onto the frame.

Identity cards come in such profusion, shapes and sizes, with and without photos, valid and outdated, that you can't keep tabs on anybody. Women don't drive in Lebanon (I saw only two Lebanese women behind the wheel in a month); they also don't seem to possess identity papers, or at least they're not expected to show them.

Daily, merchants passed through the roadblock with mobile stores of cigarettes, whiskey, perfume, radios, watches and luxury goods which they were selling at duty-free prices. Although explicity forbidden to buy from these travelling salesmen, our soldiers did buy cigarettes and sweets, because no Shekem trucks ever stopped for us.

All manner of people were checked. The local residents, whose faces and vehicles we soon came to recognize, often passed through several times a day and each time they had to stop, show us their identity papers, and open the boot, the bonnet and the glove compartment of their cars and the odd suitcase.

Farmers on tractors towing wagonloads of firewood, trudesmen and merchants in vans, well-dressed businessmen in new Mercedes, veiled women stuffed in the back of cars driven by Moslem or Druse notables and schoolchildren packed tighter than sardines in old American jalopies, were among the civilians who passed through our precints. On Sundays we encountered the foreign tourists — two English nurses working in Sidon going down to Heliopolis for the day, or the American doctor and his family, who were working in Marjayoun but looking for other places to open new clinics.

On the military side we encountered soldiers of the Lebanese army smartly dressed in their jungle fatigues, Phalangists and Haddad men, often wearing civilian clothes and always travelling in civilian cars. It is a tribute to Haddad that his name is used as a password. A nod of confirmation from the Haddadnik on duty and the driver passes through after showing his Israeli-issued identity card.

THE ISRAELI army is far and away the main source of irritation. The rule is that IDF vehicles must travel in twos for mutual protection, and only when the roads are open to them, which means during the day. Any IDF vehicle caught travelling alone is stopped — which is only possible by blocking the road with one's own body — and the driver is told to wait for another vehicle. A flood of argument and invective inevitably follows. Avi often had to be summoned to lay down the law. Those caught driving after nightfall are stopped. In return for our hospitality of food and a bed,

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster



Ran Shinar in a performance of Kathak Indian dance, at the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, tomorrow night at 8.30 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD – Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lamomme Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM – Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN – Musical with risqué songs about a bride and groom. (Gerard Behar Centre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR – Jean Mark Luxembourg plays classical pieces tomorrow and Wednesday. Marian plays songs on Thursday. (Zorba, 9 Yoel Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE – Taste of Israel Dancers, Pa'amei Talman folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ – With the Freddie Weisgal Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ – Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – With Seleh group. (Israel Center, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

STEPHAN MICUS – Plays folklore instruments from the Far East. (Khan, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BEACHES – Songs of Nahum Hayman. (Rehovot, Wix, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CUTE ANGLES – Musical. (Ramat Gan, Ordea, tonight at 9.30 and 11.45 p.m.; Nahmani, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN – (Beit Leissin, tomorrow, Sunday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS – By Motti Giladi. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Beit Hehayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

GIDI GOV AND B'ROSH – (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m., midnight)

GILA ALMAGOR – In her programme of songs. Almost Strong. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING – With flamenco guitarist Baldi Olier and friends. (Beit Leissin, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

A GYPSY BALLAD – Songs, stories and soul music with Andre Zweig and his group. (Holon, Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ – Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Piamenta, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pilz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO – Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Ili Disnell, Zipora Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI – Plays and sings songs by Sasha Argov. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

SATIRE PROGRAMME – With well-known entertainers. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

SHLOMO BAR – of Habreira Hativ'it, sings, plays, hosts friends. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at midnight)

STEPHAN MICUS – (Neve Zedek, 6 Yehieli, tonight at 10 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – With well-known musicians. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

Haifa

BEACHES – (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD – See Jerusalem for details. (Bilui, Moriah, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY — Pantomime Circus. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

HANSEL AND GRETEL — Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Sunday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

KING SOLOMON'S TALES — Theatre. (Israel Museum, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

MUSICAL HAPPENING — In sound and colour. Bring instruments. (Tzavta, today at 2 p.m.)

MY FAVOURITE STORIES AND SONGS — Ages 6-12. (Israel Museum, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

SCENT OF COOKING — Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Wednesday at 11 a.m., 4 m.)

SMILES WITHOUT WORDS - By Pablo Ariel, for ages 7-12. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE — Puppet theatre. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR — (In English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY HOUR — A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2 p.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW — Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, Tuesday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL? — Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m., 1 p.m., Monday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

EZRA DAGAN — Songs, stories, pantomime, clowns. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, 8 Mazal Dagim, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GOLDEN FISH — (Beit Leissin, Wednesday at 11.30 a.m.)

TRAFFIC SIGNS — Theatre. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE 2 OF US — (Beit Leissin, Tuesday at 11.30 a.m.)

YOSSI MY SUCCESSFUL SON — (Tzavta, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ICARUS – Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE – British comedy produced by the Yuval Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SEAGULL – By Chekhov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m. with simultaneous English translation)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS ACT ACTORS – Neve Zedek production. The actor's dreams and ideas vs. daily life. (Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BRECHT, WEILL EVENING – Songs and poems. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 11 p.m.)

CASCANDO – By Beckett. Hasimtah production. An adapted radio drama about storytelling. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday at 9.45 p.m.)

CAVIALE E LENTICHIS – Neapolitan comedy. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING – Comedy by Emil Ajar. Produced and directed by Niko Nitai. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE DOLLS' HOUSE – By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL – By Albert Camus. Produced by Niko Nitai. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE HOMECOMING – By Harold Pinter. Cameri Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Tzavta, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

INTIMACY – By Satre. Hasimtah production. About 2 women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

'NIGHT MOTHER – Produced by the Cameri Theatre. A mother-daughter relationship. (Cameri, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW) – By Fassbinder. A couple living in Manchester try to live by their Nazi doctrine. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD – Selection of political satire. Produced by the Tzavta Theatre. (Tzavta, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS – Cameri Theatre production. A sad story of warped human relations. (Tzavta, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE – (Beit Hehayal, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SANGER – Habimah production. About the Tel Aviv drug world. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SEAGULL – (Cameri, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

TANZI – Beit Leissin production. The story takes place around the boxing ring. (Beit Leissin, 34 Weizmann, tonight at 9.30 p.m., Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

ACTORS ACT ACTORS – (Ra'anana, Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

SATAN IN MOSCOW – By Mikhael Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Beersheba Municipal Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

RECORDER ENSEMBLE — Tamar Sinai, Israel Zorlim, Idit Shemer, Clila Ya'acovi, recorders; Netta Leder, harpsichord; David Morris, cello. Works by Telemann, Vivaldi, Francesco Geminiani and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

CHURCH CONCERT — Izhak Breker, violin; Eli Freud, organ, harpsichord, piano. Works by Bach, Handel, Corelli, Mozart. (Finnish Church, 25 Shivtei Israel, tomorrow)

ORGAN RECITAL — Prof. Depenheuer. Works by Franck, Tournemire, L. de St. Martin, Dupre. (Mt. Zion, Dormition Abbey, tomorrow)

ARIE VARDI — Pianist, plays works by Mozart, Beethoven, Avni, Chopin. (YMCA, Sunday)

SAN FRANCISCO PHILHARMONIA QUARTET — play Baroque music, mostly Italian. (Israel Museum, Sunday)

VOCAL AND PIANO RECITAL — Raymond Voyat, tenor; Eldad Neumark. Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Mahler. (Ein Karem, Targ Music Centre, Monday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Conductor Janos Furst; Soloist David Barlian, piano. Works by Boscovitch, Mendelssohn, Nielsen. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday)

"ETNAHTA" — The Camerata Trio. Eli Hefetz, clarinet; Emmanuel Gruber, cello; Michael Bogusiavsky, piano. Works by C.P.E. Bach, Ilan Gronich, Beethoven. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

ORGAN RECITAL — Rose Kirn. Works by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Brahms, George Boehm and others. (Old City, Redeemer Church, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

SAN FRANCISCO PHILHARMONIA QUARTET — (Tzavta, today at 3 p.m.)

SO-LA-RE QUARTET — Play Beethoven. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

CONCERT — Alexander Volkov, piano; Michael Haran, cello; Lili Tuse, soprano. Works by Schubert, Prokofiev. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

ORGAN AND RECORDER ENSEMBLE — Conductor Edmund Kress. Works by Kaminski, Gallus, Michaelsen, Buxtehude, Telemann and others. (Old Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, Beersheba — Conductor John Carrie; Soloists Clila Yaron, soprano; Tavia Litavsky, mezzo-soprano; Eliyahu Shulman, violin; Moshe Epstein, flute; Susan Barrot, oboe. A Bach evening. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conductor Mehli Mehta. Soloist Lazar Shuster, violin. Works by Elgar, Chausson, Sarasate, Dvorak. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday)

Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Conductor Boris Brott (Canada); Soloist Irit Robsteiner, piano. Works by Haydn, Chopin, Glick, Kodaly. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — (Haifa Auditorium, Thursday)

Others

RECITAL — Shosh Legil, soprano; Rachel Kirchstein-Cohen, piano. Works by Brahms, Schumann, Verdi, Poulenc. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Usishkin, tonight at 10 p.m.)

CHAMBER MUSIC — Brenda Aloni, oboe; Mario Sloin, clarinet; Amelia Katzavman, cello; Nitza Ben-Yosef, piano. Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Telemann, Shtatchewsky, Milhaud. (Givatayim, Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, Beersheba — (Ashkelon, Yad Lebanim, tomorrow; Beersheba, Conservatorium, Sunday, Monday, Thursday; Givat Haim, Wednesday)

(Continued on page C)

هكذا من الأصل

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 סינמה 1
in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24. Tel. 415067

Fri., April 6
Double Feature/1 Ticket:
The Man With The Golden Gun 2.30
Duel At Daybreak 4.30
Sat., April 7:
Tarzoon 7.30
Shogun 9
Sun., April 8:
Heidi 3.30
Annie 5
Double Feature/1 Ticket:
The Man With The Golden Gun 7.15
Duel At Daybreak 9
Mon., April 9:
Heidi 3.30
Annie 5
The Lady On The Bus 7.15
Shogun 9
Tue., April 10:
Heidi 3.30
War Games 5
The Lady On The Bus 7.15
Sophie's Choice 9
Wed., April 11:
Heidi 3.30
War Games 5.15
Tarzoon 7.15
Sophie's Choice 9
Thur., April 12:
Annie 4.30
War Games 6.15
Sophie's Choice 9

EDEN
MAKAT SHEMESH
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
No complimentary tickets

EDISON
2nd week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN



Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

HABIRA
BIG LAUGH
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Tue. 6, 8.30
NOA AT 17

KFIR
YENTL
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15
No complimentary tickets

MITCHELL
2nd week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 6.45, 9.15
Complimentary tickets not accepted

ORION Tel. 222914
CHRISTINE
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

Fri. 2, and during holidays at 10, 12, 2, 4
HADARDASIM BA'IM
(Hebrew dialogue)

ORNA Tel. 224733
GO FOR IT
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
Sundays: IS250

RON
7th week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.15

SEMADAR
3rd week
YOL
Saturday and weekdays 7, 9.15
Hall is heated

SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENEI HA'UMA
SCARFACE
Sat. 8.30. Weekdays 6, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
2nd week
'Mr. Mom'
* TERI GARR
* MICHAEL KEATON
in the comedy of the year!
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE.
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
5th week
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Sat. 7, 9.35
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.35
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON
Sat. 11 a.m. and weekdays 11, 2:
CINDERELLA

CHEN 2
5th week
Tonight 9.55, 12.15
Sat. 11 a.m., 7.10, 9.40
Weekdays 4.15, 7.10, 9.40
Sun., Mon. 11, 2
NEVER CRY WOLF

CHEN 3
CINDERELLA
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.30, 9.35
Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.35
Sat. 11 a.m. and weekdays 11, 2:
ALLADIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

CHEN 4
5th week
EXPERIENCE PREFERRED BUT NOT ESSENTIAL
Tonight 10.10, 12.05
Sat. 7.35, 9.35
Weekdays 4.45, 7.35, 9.35
Sat. 11 a.m.; weekdays 11, 2:
PETER PAN

CHEN 5
Tonight 10, 12.15, Sat. 7.20, 9.35
Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.35
TRADING PLACES
Sat. 11 a.m.; weekdays 11, 2
LONELY LONELY BUGS BUNNY

BEN-YEHUDA
4th week
BIG LAUGH
("Candid Camera")
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30,
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
JEWISH
CINEMATHEQUE
THE CHOSEN
Sun., Thur. 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA ONE
STAR TREK II WRATH OF KHAN
Fri. 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CLASS
Israel Premiere
CHRISTINE



Based on the bestselling novel by Stephen King
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.20, 9.35
Weekdays 4.35, 7.20, 9.35

DEKEL
10th week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
TO BE OR NOT TO BE
* MEL BROOKS
*ANNE BANCROFT
"Smashingly funny. Brooks and Bancroft are terrific" (N.Y. Times)

ESTHER Tel. 225610
2nd week
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO
Fri. 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT
2nd week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH
Thur. 4.30 only

GORDON
Ben Yehuda 87, Tel. 244373
4th week
NARAYAMA
Winner of the 1st Prize Cannes Film Festival
Sat. 7, 9.30, weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

HOD
3rd week
SCARFACE
Fri. 10
Sat. & weekdays 6.30, 9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
Sat. 7.30
LA PASSANTE DE SANS SOUCI

LEV 1
Dizengoff Center Tel. 288868
13th week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
REAR WINDOW
Fri. 10, Sat & weekdays 9.30

JUNGLE BOOK
Sat. and weekdays 7.15
Sex film
Fri. 12.15, weekdays, 12 midnight

LEV II
2nd week
THE DRESSER
* ALBERT FINNEY
* TOM COURTENAY
Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

LIMOR
MAKAT SHEMESH
(Sunstroke)
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 11 a.m.:
TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS

MAXIM
FUNNY LADY
7, 9.30

MOGRABI
6th week
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
THE HONORARY CONSUL
* RICHARD GERE
* MICHAEL CAINE
Stiller film

ORLY
THE ESSENTIAL HITCHCOCK
VERTIGO
A tall story about a pushover
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

PARIS
3rd week
DAVID BOWIE
ZIGGY STARDUST
Fri. 10, 12; Sat. 7.15, 9.30;
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Sat. at 11.30 a.m.:
WATERSHIP DOWN

PEER
2nd week
LA FUGA DE SEGOVIA
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO
8th week
EDUCATING RITA
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JULIE WALTERS.
Tonight at 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TCHELET
4th week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
I LOVE YOU CARMEN

SHAHAF
Israel Premiere



Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30
Weekdays 10.30, 12.30, 2.30
THE SMURFS ARE COMING

TEL AVIV
2nd week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
SEAN CONNERY
Is James Bond 007
Tonight 10, 12, Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
16th week
MUDDY RIVER
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON
7th week
Film by Ingmar Bergman
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
Tonight at 10; Sat. 5.30, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
LES STRUMPS
Sat. 6.45
Weekdays 11, 4, 6.45
THE WIZ
with Michael Jackson
All at 9 p.m.

ARMON
Israel premiere
GO FOR IT
* TERENCE HILL
* BUD SPENSER
4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON
2nd week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN



Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

FRENCH CULTURAL CENTRE
CINEMATHEQUE
BEIT ROTHSCHILD
Mon. 9.30
LE SUCRE
* GERARD DEPARDIEU
* ROGER HANIN
* MICHEL PICCOLI

CHEN
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
[illegible]

MORIAH
3rd week
EDUCATING RITA
* JULIE WALTERS
* MICHAEL CAINE
[illegible]

ORAH
Entrepreneur:
MAKAT SHEMESH
(Sunstroke)
* ANAT ATZMON
Director Dickie Jobis
4, 6.45, 9
No complimentary tickets

OREA
Walt Disney's
CINDERELLA
Sat. 6.45
Weekdays 11, 4, 6.30

8th week
I LOVE YOU CARMEN
9 p.m. all week

PEER
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON
4, 6.45, 9

RON
Haifa premiere
YENTL
* BARBRA STREISAND
1, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT
LES STRUMPS
11, 4
CLAIRE DE FEMME
* ROMY SCHNEIDER
* YVES MONTAND
6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 9.30
REAR WINDOW
Sat. 7.15, Weekdays 4, 6.30
CINDERELLA

LILY
6th week
EDUCATING RITA
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Mat. 10.00, 12.30
THE SMURFS ARE COMING

OASIS
2nd week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Mat. 4
ARGOMAN AND SUPERMAN

ORDEA
4th week
BIG LAUGH
("Candid Camera")
* YEHUDA BARKAN
11, 4, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN
7.15, 9.30
CHRISTINE
Directed by JOHN CARPENTER

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
4th week
BIG LAUGH
("Candid Camera")
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TIFERET
2nd week
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO
* CHARLES BRONSON
7.15, 9.15

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Mat. 4: THE FOX AND THE HOUND

SAVOY
2nd week
NEVER SAY NO
Tonight 10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Mat. 10, 12, 3:
THE SMURFS ARE COMING

THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

VISITING HOURS
Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.
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EXHIBITIONS

Dr. ERICH SALOMON: FROM A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LIFE
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COSMIC IMAGES IN THE ART OF THE 20TH CENTURY

COLLECTIONS

CLASSICAL PAINTING IN THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES; IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM; TWENTIETH CENTURY ART. ISRAELI ART.

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

ALEXANDER VOLKOV AND FRIENDS. Lili Tuneh, soprano; Michael Haran, cello Programme: works by Schubert and Prokofiev. Saturday, 7.4, at 8.30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, Beer Sheva. Conductor: John Currie. Soliste: Gilah Yaron, soprano; Zvia Litavsky, soprano; Elishu Shulman, violin; Moshe Epstein, flute; Susan Barret, oboe d'amore. Programme: An Evening of Bach. Tuesday, 10.4, at 8.30 p.m.

FOR THE GOLDEN AGE

MONDAY, 9.4, screening of Praying Mantis (Britain, 1983, 110 mm., English with Hebrew and French subtitles). Jack Gold's thriller which stunned the audiences of the 1983 London Festival.

GUEST LECTURE (In English)

NON-OBJECTIVE WORLD. In conjunction with the exhibition 'Cosmic Images in 20th Century Art' by Dr. Siegmar Holsten, who conceived and organized the exhibition in Baden-Baden.

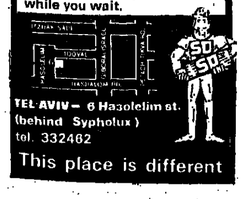
CINEMA

MUDDY RIVER (Japan, 1981, black and white, 105 mm., Japanese, with Hebrew and English subtitles) Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m. Saturday at 7.15, 9.30 p.m.

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MUSIC

(Continued from Page A)

PIANO RECITAL — Aliza Lidovsky-Stewart (U.S.A.). Works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy, Bartok. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

ELIZABETHAN MUSIC — Cilla Grossmeyer, soprano; Shlomo Tidhar, recorders; Yehuda Shreier, guitar. Plus actress Hanna Maron performs Shakespeare excerpts. (Ra'anana, Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA — Conductor Sydney Fixman; Soloist Zecharia Plavin, piano. Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Sibelius, Dvorak. (Wingate, Herschtritt Auditorium, Tuesday)

REHOVOT PLAYERS ORCHESTRA — Conductor Avner Biron. Works by Vivaldi, Mozart, Bach, Britten. (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow)

RECITAL — Nos Bless, piano; Yoram Vitis, voice; Ozer Rabin, reading. Works by Leah Goldberg, Ozer Rabin and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

RECITALS — Yevgeny Shatzky, contrabass; Zehava Simon, piano. Works by Handel, Granados; Alon Bedihi — piano. Works by Handel, Satie. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem

Jerusalem Through the Ages

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

Archeological Tours

Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9 a.m. — Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 9 a.m. — Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 10 a.m. — Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday through Thursday at 1 p.m. — City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot. In English.

Jerusalem Botanical Garden — Friends of the Jerusalem Botanical Garden are conducting a tour of the Garden on Thursday at 3.30 p.m. Meet at the Neve Sha'anan Gate. Prospective members can obtain details from Tel. 584703, 9 a.m.-1 p.m

Other towns.

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel 057-30448.

DANCE

Jerusalem

CULTURES IN DANCE — 3 periods of Kathak dance from India, performed by Ran Shinar. Plus poetry reading and slides. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

WEAR AND TEAR — Dance theatre about clothes. (Neve Zedek, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE — The comics serial about the little orphan who conquers the heart of a hard-boiled millionaire and introduces some horse sense and kindness in his world, has become first a stage musical and now a movie musical, losing most of its ingenuity in the process, and replacing it with the glamour and cuteness of old Hollywood.

BIG LAUGH — An Israeli collection of "candid camera" skits, by Yehuda Barkan.

EDUCATING RITA — About a young woman student of literature, and her elderly professor who falls in love with her. Sharp dialogue adds to this successful adaptation of this London play. Excellent performances by Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

FANNY AND ALEXANDER — A story of a family in a Swedish provincial town at the turn of the century. Director Ingmar Bergman's disposition is more sunny here than in his previous films. Outstanding camera-work and acting in this depiction of life, which is very easy to watch. Much food for thought.

LA FUGA DE SEGOVIA (ESCAPE FROM SEGOVIA) — A story of how a group of Basques, kept by the Franco regime in a prison in Segovia, planned their escape and executed it. A movie of perfect clarity; all the characters are average people, simply determined to regain their freedom.

I LOVE YOU CARMEN — Directed by Carlos Saura, based on the opera, with music by Bizet. Skilful sympathetic camera-work makes this film good entertainment.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN — Yet another 007 escapade. Stunts, action and girls galore, with Roger Moore as Mr. Bond and Christopher Lee as Scaramanga.

MUDDY RIVER — Japanese film directed by Kohei Oguri. An excellent depiction of insights into a child's world, and the lost innocence which follows with experience and living.

NARAYAMA — Japanese director Imamura's film is a hard-hitting, pitiless analysis of human existence. The world we live in is reduced to fundamentals, with 2 guiding impulses, survival and sex. Vividly portrayed scenes not always pretty, but worth looking at carefully.

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN — Based on "Thunderball," the 4th Bond film from 1965, Sean Connery is back on the screen as James Bond. This time trying to save the world from a nuclear holocaust. Generally not many redeeming features in his return.

NOA AT 17 — An Israeli film set in a deserted house in Ness Ziona against the historical background of the schism in the Labour movement some 30 years ago. The characters move, act and react in an absolutely believable way and talk in a normal, true-to-life Hebrew.

REAR WINDOW — Re-release of Alfred Hitchcock's 1952 film. About an immobilized news photographer who watches the goings-on at his neighbours' apartments. They just don't make movies like this anymore...

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE — Set in a remote French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

SCARFACE — Remake of the 1932 version of same film. Opening with documentary footage showing the invasion of Florida by Cuban refugees, the film continues with fiction, depicting America's underworld. Al Pacino plays a ruthless killer, but on the whole the film offers too much violence and not much else.

SHOGUN — Richard Chamberlain plays the lead in this story of a British pilot of a Dutch ship who lands in Japan. Bears only a vague similarity to the James Clavell bestseller on which the story is based.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE — Pakula's film not only doesn't add any new dimensions to William Styron's novel, but also diminishes its impact by putting terrifying conceptions that should be beyond anyone's imagination into clear pictorial images.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT — The relationship between a self-centred mother and her daughter over a period of 15 years. James Brook's Hollywood production is an ideal combination of laughter and tears.



Annie, Daddy Warbucks and the Roosevelts in John Huston's "Annie."

Superb acting by Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — Producer Mel Brooks in a funny remake of this 1942 film about a theatre company in occupied Poland. With Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft in the lead roles.

TRADING PLACES — The prince and the pauper theme is back again, this time in Philadelphia. When the gags are good, they are very good, but too many silly plots in between.

WAR GAMES — About a computer whiz-kid who ends up finding his way into the Pentagon computer. The moral: don't let the computers control you.

THE WIZ — Director Sidney Lumet's version of "The Wizard of Oz" takes place in New York city. Diana Ross plays the role of a young teacher from Harrlem, singing and dancing up a storm in the Seventies style. Also starring Michael Jackson from pre-video-star days.

YENTL — Barbra Streisand stars in this adaptation of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story, about a woman who dresses as a man in order to study at a yeshiva.

YOL — 5 jailed Turkish men are given a week's furlough. Through their stories, we get to see Turkey and her people. Excellent filming and some incredible performances make this a film no true film buff would want to miss.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

Camp following



MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

THERE IS nothing to bring one out of the clouds like a hefty spell of army duty.

No longer is one concerned with whether a restaurant is more or less expensive, whether the service is good or mediocre, whether the mushrooms come from a tin or from the nearby forest. Indeed, there were even a few occasions during my recent reserve service when I was not concerned with whether I ate at all.

Still, finding myself in what in popular parlance has become "up there," with some 20 other part-time soldiers, I had more than one opportunity to get behind the cooking range. I was able to attest to the generosity, indeed the opulence, of IDF rations, which certainly exceed those of the average middle-class household.

This generosity was even more striking because the first few days of my service were spent at a training base "somewhere in the country," where one had the impression that starvation fare was the order of the day.

But to get back to my own little army kitchen, I am happy to report to those who recall, with greater or less nostalgia, the unending supply of tins of *luf* of former years, that a new staple meat product has taken its place. Euphemistically labelled "kebab," it consists of cylindrical pellets of something resembling meat, packed in a tin with a thick, reddish-brown sauce.

While it is not at all unpalatable merely heated in its sauce, the culinary veterans prepare it by draining off the liquid, frying up some onion, garlic and fresh tomato, and heating the little kebabs in this mixture.

BUT I was determined to make something more flamboyant. When it was my turn to take my place in the kitchen, I found a large lump of frozen breast of turkey and, to the consternation of some of my fellows, announced that I was going to make Chinese food.

To do this, I cut the turkey into bite-sized pieces, dipped them in a batter composed of flour, water, eggs, oil, salt and a little red hot pepper and then fried them in hot oil. When they were brown, I transferred them to a baking dish.

While the meat remained hot in the oven, I made a sauce consisting of a large spoonful of garlic powder, fried together with a pinch of curry powder, and a spoonful or two of hot pepper. I would have dearly liked to add ginger, even the powdered variety, but this was not available.

After just a minute of frying, to bring out the aroma, I added about half a cup of flour, which I had mixed with water and a generous portion of powdered soup mix. When the flour and water began to boil, causing the sauce to thicken, I added a spoonful of sour salt (in lieu of vinegar) and a large dollop of peach syrup concentrate for cold drinks.

Because I was using flour instead of cornflour, I made sure to cook the sauce for a good 10 minutes to eliminate any starchy taste. Then, just for decoration, I threw in a few chopped pickled cucumbers and poured the sauce over the meat.

Reactions were mixed. There were those who found it absolutely marvellous, and those who barely touched it. Far more general was the approval of the rice I cooked with it.

TO COOK RICE for 20-odd people, I melted a 250gr. package of margarine in a large pot and added a kilo of rice. This I fried together over a high flame, stirring constantly until there seemed to be a danger that the rice would actually burn.

At that point I poured in two litres of water and added a heaping tablespoon of salt. When the water began to boil, I turned the flame down as low as possible, gave the rice a good stir and covered it. In contrast to small quantities, which I cook without touching, I stirred the rice two or three more times before it was done. When it was cooked, I turned off the heat and let the rice sit and steam for another 10 minutes.

Those well versed in the ways of rice will, of course, recognize that what I had made was typical Middle Eastern rice, and not the sticky Chinese rice that one might expect. This was simply because I felt that no one would appreciate the more authentic variety.

I HASTEN to add that I was far from the only one at this particular place with culinary talents. Every day a different soldier would take his turn to produce really excellent meals. There was only one interruption to this situation, when a regular army cook suddenly appeared and took over the kitchen.

The quality of the food suddenly declined dismally. Our meals became monotonous and there seemed to be barely enough to eat. Luckily, the cook soon left for one of the long leaves to which these men seem to be entitled.

The moral of all this is that, however good the basic supplies, there will be complaints about army food as long as the IDF maintains its policy of choosing the least talented conscripts to cook it. If there is any truth at all in Napoleon's observation that an army marches on its stomach, then we need far better people to pave the road. □

This Week in Israel•The Leading Tourist Guide•This Week

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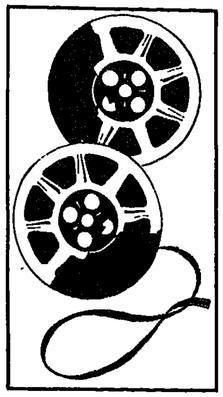
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Clipped critics



BETWEEN ACTS

MY COLLEAGUE Dan Fainaru's reviews of *Never Say Never Again* and *Escape From Segovia* this week are the result of a long-standing arrangement between film critics and film distributors here and in most of the western world. Two to 10 days before a movie is first shown publicly, its distributor hosts a preview for cinema journalists, usually in a special screening room. In Los Angeles all major studios have on their premises several of these small cinema halls, which seat between 50 and 200 people. Other producers rent facilities at the Writers' Guild, Directors' Guild, or Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. In Tel Aviv, distributors arrange special showings in the cinemas where the movie is to play, or in two small private halls near Allenby Street.

The public relations firm charged with organizing the screening hands out press kits, which contain photographs, the names of all the actors and technicians, a synopsis of the plot, background information on how the film was made, and sometimes reviews which have already appeared in U.S. and European papers. Journalists are also told when the film will open so they can schedule their review for an appropriate date.

When Golan-Globus's distribution arm, Noah Films, took over representation of United International Pictures (UIP) last January, many of the country's film critics were uneasy. The relationship between Noah and most of the cinema journalists has never been good. For several years Noah has made it a policy to host as few press screenings as possible, because, it is understood, there weren't many journalists who could be counted on to write favourable reviews of Golan-Globus films.

No one cared enough to make an issue of the policy when the only movies at stake were those made by Golan-Globus (such as the *Lemon Popsicle* series) or Golan-Globus's U.S. company Cannon (such as *Revenge of the Ninja* and *Adventures of Hercules*). When Noah began releasing UIP products, the company's distribution policies suddenly took on new importance as UIP releases outside the U.S. all movies made by MGM, United Artists, Paramount and Universal Studios. Approximately 60 per cent of the movies that will be seen in Israel this year arrive under the UIP banner.

AFTER acquiring UIP, Golan-Globus indicated that they had made peace with the local press corps. The first film released, however, Alfred Hitchcock's classic *Rear Window*, scotched that rumour as several film journalists found themselves not invited.

Then came *Terms of Endearment*. Only six journalists — a fraction of the country's cinema writers — were invited. Not by chance, all six write "pre-views." Pre-views were introduced here years ago by *Ha'aretz* as a way to help readers understand difficult films by difficult directors such as Fellini. Today pre-views are essentially synopses of plots of all movies released by major distributors, in effect free publicity. As four of the six who were invited were also critics, they had to promise Noah's public relations agency, Ratz, that they would not publish their reviews until the film had already run for a fortnight. Noah felt that the multi-Oscar nominee had a better chance at the box office if they could delay publication of what they were sure would be bad reviews.

The policy put all in a difficult situation. Those who attended the screenings were forced to wait two weeks after the film's release before they wrote, which they felt was not a good idea in a country where box office takings are steadily declining and a film needs all the publicity it can get to stay alive. Those who were excluded from the screenings went to see the film on its opening night and then wrote reviews without the help of the press kit.

The first to revolt was the *Post*'s Fainaru, who had already seen *Terms* in Berlin. Rather than be left out in the cold, Dani Wart of *Al Hamishmar* and Shaul Shiran of the television broke their promise to Noah and joined Fainaru in reviewing the movie the day after it opened, on Fainaru's respected Saturday radio show *All Cinema*.

The *Hollywood Reporter* and *Variety*, the U.S. film industry's two daily trade papers, both carried the story. A week later Michael Williams Jones, the president of UIP, ordered Noah to stop "discriminating" against film journalists.

In a phone interview with *The Jerusalem Post* the London based Jones termed Noah's policy "absurd" and "in no way representative of UIP policy anywhere in the world." He added that he was "bewildered" by Noah's behaviour and had instructed his representative in Israel to invite all journalists to all previews. He also noted that except under special circumstances, all movies would be previewed for the press.

The result was that on Friday Noah held a full-scale preview of *Yentl*, which had its Israeli premiere on Sunday with Barbra Streisand present, and smaller screenings last Thursday and Friday of Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, which had been re-released last week in Jerusalem's Kfir cinema without prior notice or fanfare.

ONE WEEK of *Evergreen*, a six-hour TV mini-series based on the Belva Plain novel, will be filmed in Israel next September. Jerusalem Capital Studios will provide the services. *Evergreen* tells the story of several generations of a Jewish family which immigrates from Russia to the U.S. in 1909. The segment slated for production here deals with a grandson who comes to Israel in 1959 as a kibbutz volunteer and is killed by terrorists. Most of the mini-series produced by Edgar Sherick for NBC in association with Metromedia, will be filmed in New York and Toronto.

THE ARAB LEAGUE, which has had its headquarters in Tunisia since Egypt signed the peace agreement with Israel, is probably best known in Hollywood for its blacklist of "Jewish and Zionist" filmmakers, a list rendered ineffectual by the tiny market the Arab world represents (1.5 per cent of the major American studios' international revenues) and by the Arabs themselves. Countries like Tunisia ignore the boycott in the name of quality cinema, and Arabs everywhere watch such forbidden fruit as Elizabeth Taylor on their home video sets.

"What the West doesn't know is that under the umbrella of the Arab League there are many specialized agencies that do wonderful work," Soluil al-Saghir recently told the *Los Angeles Times*. An elegant Syrian, Al-Saghir speaks New York English and serves as assistant secretary general of the Arab States Broadcasting Union (ASBU). He began his career as an announcer on Syrian radio; after earning a master's degree in communications at NYU he became programme manager for Syrian TV, and then served as TV adviser to the Saudi Ministry of Information.

Al-Saghir's organization, the counterpart of the European (EBU), North American (NABU), Asian (ABU) and North African (ARTNA) broadcasting unions, works with all of the 22 Arab countries except Egypt, whose membership was suspended after Camp David. The absence of Egypt, the most prolific producer of TV programmes in the Arab world, has not made it easy for ASBU to carry out its work; further complications are created by the Arab world's political rivalries, which makes it difficult to seat Algerians next to Moroccans, and Sudanese next to Libyans.

ASBU runs a radio and TV training centre in Damascus, an audience research centre in Baghdad (which, among other things, studies the effect of Hebrew-language programming beamed into Israel), and three magazines. All classes are taught in classical Arabic as a means of overcoming problems of dialect — a challenge ASBU also faces now that the Arab Satellite (ArabSat) will soon be launched. Built by the French, and scheduled to be put into space by the Americans next April, ArabSat will connect the TV stations of the Arab world with an interterrestrial regional network. ArabSat may have as many as seven TV channels. To make it feasible for countries in North Africa to use the same satellite as countries from the Gulf, ASBU has been pushing the various member states to programme in classical, as opposed to regional, Arabic. Once ArabSat is launched, ASBU expects to use it for such projects as an Arab version of the Eurovision Song Contest, pan-Arab religious programming, and a pan-Arab news exchange.

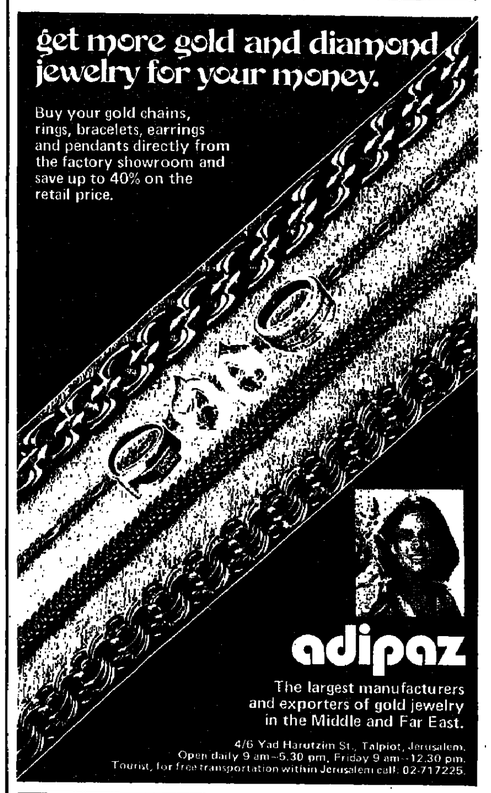
According to Moshe Ben David, who owns the Anteco antenna company, Israelis who take the trouble to acquire special dishes will be able to receive broadcasts from ArabSat. □

This Week in Israel•Th

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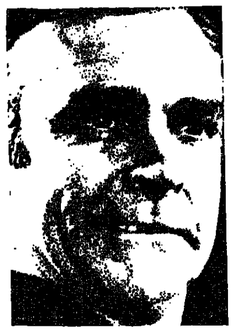
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Bottled Bond



CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

ALL THE PROMOTION for *Never Say Never Again* promised something exceptional: a James Bond yarn with a human 007 replacing the smiling automaton of the multi-million dollar series. Sean Connery said he consented to go back to this hateful (for him) part, dropped in disgust a dozen years earlier, only because he had been given a hand in shaping the final product. He was to select the actors playing opposite him, and to make sure that people wouldn't take a back seat to his special effects. In short, Connery led us to believe, *Never Say Never Again* would be a real story, not a collage of movie gimmickry.

Of course, there was one more consideration — an exorbitant salary, reputed to be around $5 million. That offer, which no one in his right mind would dare turn down, pulled Connery back into Her Majesty's Secret Service.

After seeing the picture, one can't help but observe that all those glorious millions must have turned Sean Connery's head; he apparently lacked the courage to insist on real changes in the tired formula. Only the first minutes carry some sort of promise; they introduce a visibly older Commander Bond, rather seedy from lack of use, discarded by a new "M" who has discarded the "double-zero's" flamboyant mayhem and adopted a more conservative and scientific approach.

It doesn't take M very long to find out that once the world is in real trouble — when the nasty SPECTRE villains steal a couple of nuclear warheads — there is only one efficient weapon. That weapon, of course, is James Bond.

THE FILM quickly settles into the comfortable old routine. It is based on *Thunderball*, the Ian Fleming novel which was the framework for the fourth Bond movie back in 1965.

The Fleming plots are, in any case, largely irrelevant; they merely serve as a springboard, from which the scriptwriters dive into the realm of pure *schlock*. The fancier the better, as long as they keep in mind that Bond is the sexiest man alive, that there are no imaginable traps from which he cannot escape, and that the least logical escapades are best at the box office.

For the benefit of anyone who does not remember, let us for a moment flash back to the first *Thunderball*, whose star was the same Mr. Connery, 18 years younger. It is the story of Mr. Largo, a smooth gentleman with a smashing yacht as his home base. Mr. Largo is the leading henchman of one Mr. Stavro Bloefeld, a sort of Moriarty to Bond's Holmes. Besides the yacht, Mr. Largo also possesses a luscious blonde named Domino, who switches sides when she meets the irresistible MI-5 champion. Mr. Largo also has a collection of very hungry sharks, who gladly devour anyone in disfavour with the master. They work in tandem with his other exterminator, a motor-bike riding young woman in outlandish garb.

The new version does not abandon this framework. It merely overhauls it a bit, to bring it in line with modern fashion: Mr. Largo is smoother and nastier — and much younger — than his previous incarnation. Klaus-Maria Brandauer, the remarkable Austrian actor who plays Largo, has taken a holiday from the kind of serious work he had to tackle in *Mephisto*.

Domino herself is a dancer in training, or so it seems, for the lead part in *Flashdance Rides Again*, at least until Bond enters her life. From that moment on, she turns decidedly romantic; the best she can do is a passionate tango with her new escort. No wonder the producers had picked blonde Kim Basinger, previously trained as a dancer, for the part. Opposite her, as the dark temptress with a mean streak, we are offered Barbara Carrera — Silva's girlfriend in *Masada*, saddled here with the ridiculous name of Fatima Blush. Really!

Some of the secondary parts are played by seasoned, experienced actors such as Edward Fox (M); Max von Sydow (Bloefeld) or Alec McCowen (Q, the wizard of the British MI-5, whose bag of tricks keeps Bond alive). The director is Irvin Kerschner, once considered a promising talent (that was after *Loving*). But since then Kerschner has grown into a docile industry employee, as indicated by *The Empire Strikes Back*.

All of these very nice people, who were supposed to have started with the most commendable intentions, produce nothing more than another Bond, and a slightly old-fashioned one at that. *Never Say Never Again* lacks some of the lustre we have been conditioned to expect, with no redeeming qualities to compensate for the loss.

The dialogue is a bit more lifelike, the gimmicks aren't that wildly childish (is this an advantage?) and the acting is, on the whole, rather better (if you discount Ms. Carrera, who looks very suspicious of the part she has been handed). But all these assets, which might have been relevant if this were indeed a different kind of Bond picture, are meaningless here.

No matter what reviewers think, the film has been wildly successful. Producers Jack Schwartzman and Kevin McClory, who won a three-year court battle for the right to do it, proved they are shrewd businessmen. Which, according to Hollywood precedents, means that many more Bonds, of every shape and colour, will be coming our way.

But please, don't ever believe anyone who tells you about a human Bond. There's no chance of that, as long as the other formula works.

FILMS like *Escape from Segovia* usually never reach Israel, for they are everything that Bond isn't. Modest productions, no star power, no famous director, and no front-page topic to offer. What's more, it is a true story about real people, in normal surroundings, and that's one thing no self-respecting Bond film could afford to be.

Angel Amigo, the man who wrote the book on which the film is based, and later collaborated on the script and produced it, tells in a simple, straightforward way how he and some fellow Basques, kept by the Franco regime in a prison in Segovia, planned their escape and executed it. Imanol Uribe, a film director unknown outside Spain, turned this script into a movie of perfect clarity, uncluttered by irrelevant details or unnecessary sentimentalism, which are usually almost inevitable in films of this genre.

This is a political subject, Basque nationalists jailed for their convictions by a repressive government. But there are no speeches here about who is wrong and who is right, even if this may be inferred from the natural sympathy the filmmaker has for the prisoners. Also there is no attempt, at any stage of the story, to turn the jailers into villainous monsters. Even the soldiers, who in the second half of the film are sent to catch the runaways, act more like nervous guardians of peace than like trigger-happy sadists.

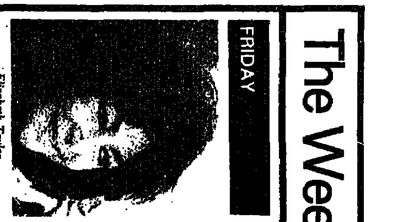
Uribe treats his subject as if it were a regular story about escaping from jail; but because we know that it is not criminals who are behind bars, it is much easier for the audience to identify with them. Even in Spain, where the atmosphere isn't exactly pro-Basque, the film has been a success, mostly because it doesn't preach and doesn't make a big issue about politics. Which does not mean that the public won't walk out of the cinema feeling sympathy for the Basques.

Lest you believe that this is some kind of *Escape from Alcatraz* routine, it should be pointed out that Uribe is very careful not to have any supermen in his cast, no heroes with inflated egos to pamper. All his characters are average people, with average qualities, who are simply determined to regain their freedom. They don't do things that are impossible or improbable — they are simply better organized and more efficient than most of us. Which is understandable, considering their surroundings.

As I said, Uribe's narrative style is extremely lucid. He puts together the facts in a manner that appears to do away with unnecessary details, focusing only on the important parts. His pace is admirable throughout, whether he is documenting action in a relentless manner or stopping for a breather as the men celebrate together the marriage — behind bars — of one of the inmates.

The term "documentary" comes quite often to one's mind as one watches this picture. It is as if the prisoners reenacted their escape for the benefit of the camera, which was allowed to choose the most advantageous positions to shoot from. There is additional reason to feel this way: Amigo and many of the actors in this film aren't actors at all, but real prisoners in Segovia in 1975. They were in jail with Amigo and escaped with him, using the audacious plan described in the film. And if you are wondering how come they are free today, it seems that soon after Franco's death those still in jail were pardoned by the new regime. And that was barely six months after the famous escape. □

FRIDAY


Elizabeth Taylor
TV: 21.15

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Kibbutznik (part 6) 14.30 Everyman's University: Mathematics: Viewpoint 16.30 Art and Technology 17.00 News roundup 17.05 Programme Trailer 17.35 Indian film
19.00 Programme Trailer
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with Friday Night – a programme on the customs of different Jewish communities in Weekly News Magazine 21.15 Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Mike Nichols' 1966 film version of Edward Albee's famous drama, stars Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and George Segal 23.30 Newsdesk
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
15.00 Candid Camera 14.00 Tucker's Witch 16.15 Gadget 2000 18.00 French Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Empire 21.10 Crown Court 22.00 News in English 22.15 Maroun Publication 23.00 Jerusalem Mosaic 23.30 Newsdesk
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 14.00 SEE EAST 15.30 tonight 14.00 Another Life 14.30 700 Club 15.00 Afternoon Movie 16.30 Incredible Hulk 17.00 Popeye 17.30 Sport Book 18.00 Lamude 19.00 Bonanza 20.00 Another Life 20.30 World News Tonight 21.00 Entertainment Special WKRP Cincinnati 21.30 NBA Basketball 22.30 700 Club 23.45 News Update

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Musical Clock
7.30 Grieg: Excerpts from Peer Gynt Suites; Dvorak: Violin Concerto; Kreisler: Recitation, Andante Cantabile and Rondino on a Theme by Beethoven; Brahms: Variations on a Theme from Haydn; Tchaikovsky: Variations on a Theme from Mozart; Schubert: Sonata, D.279 (Radu Lupu, piano); Rossini: Tribute to Pesaro; Vivaldi: Concerto for Violin and Strings in A (Itzhak Perlman, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; Daniel Barenboim, conductor and piano; English Chamber Orchestra) 9.30 Mostly Mozart: Symphony No. 29; Concerto for Violin and Orchestra No. 4 (Barenboim, violin and conductor; English Chamber Orchestra); Symphony No. 31 (Philadelphia, Ormandy) 11.30 An Hour with Pierre Dinu Lipati 12.30 Hour of Israeli Music (no details available) 13.30 Have a Good Week (repeat) 14.30 Music for Organ: Pastorale and Fugue in F (Bach); Concerto No. 13 (Handel); Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C (Bach) (Daniel Chorzempa, organ) 15.30 Israel Philharmonic Orchestra: Overture to Rosamunde (Schubert); Symphonie Fantastique (Berlioz) (Zubin Mehta, conductor) 18.00 Chamber Music (no details available) 19.05 Mr. Concert 20.30 Second hearing of new recordings 22.30 Music for Midnight: Mozart: Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Quartet, K.364 (Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Marc Neikrug, piano; Cleveland Quartet); Schubert: Sonata in A, D.574 (Radu Lupu, piano); Bach: Sonata No. 1 in G for Violin and Harpsichord (Itzhak Perlman, violin; Vladimir Ashkenazy, harpsichord); Mozart: Quintet for Piano and Winds, K.452 (Alfred Brendel, Marmet Quintet); Beethoven: Septet, Op. 20 (Vienna Octet); Schubert: Quintet in C, D.956 (Cleveland Quartet)

RADIO 1st

12.00 Radiodrama
12.10 Emmanuel Krasnovsky, piano
13.00 Schubert: Sonata in A, Major, D.959
14.05 Masseret: Manon, complete opera (Michael Plasson)
15.00 Music in Literature — Who is Who?
18.00 Chamber Music (no details available)
19.05 Mr. Concert
20.30 Second hearing of new recordings
22.30 Marc-Antoine Charpentier: Death of Socrates; Bach: Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Quartet, Op. 21 (Perlman, Juilliard); Bartok: The Miraculous Mandarin, Op. 19 (Abbado)
23.30 Puccini: Turandot, Part two — 12.30 Folksongs and Jazz

SATURDAY


Giacomo Puccini
TV and Voice of Music: 22.30

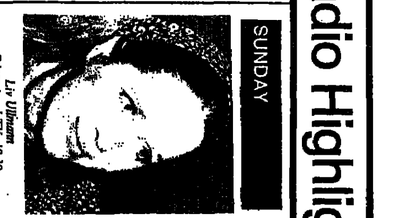
TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
17.30 News roundup
17.35 Cartoons
18.30 Travel Through Time
19.00 Entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at 20.00 with Prayer Time for the Elevation's Return
21.30 Maariv Newsreel
22.30 Turandot – opera by Giacomo Puccini. Act One of Mandel Ensemble's production, in a new version by Yehuda Amichai, stars Elizabeth Harris, Richard Barron and George Segal
23.30 Newsdesk
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
15.00 Tucker's Witch 16.15 Gadget 2000 18.00 French Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Empire 21.10 Crown Court 22.00 News in English 22.15 Maroun Publication 23.00 Jerusalem Mosaic 23.30 Newsdesk
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 14.00 Athletics in Action. 16.30 Sports Extra 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 World Championship Wrestling 19.00 Inside Hollywood 19.30 Zero One 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Chicago Story 22.00 News in English 22.15 Shades of Darkness

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Musical Clock
7.07 Baroque Variations (Andre Segovia): Mozart: 6 Laendler; Schumann: Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70 (Meir Rimon, Carrot)
11.30 Frescobaldi: Gagliarda; 4 Pieces for Harpsichord (Igor Kipnis); Quartet, K.285 (Nicolet, Amadeus Trio); Rossini-Britten: Matinees Musicales; Milhaud: Scaramouche; Gaudi: Spirituals for Orchestra (London Symphony, Stephen Bell); Rodgers: Rainbow Suite (London Philharmonic, Sedjo Ottenheim); Bernstein: Candide Overture; Rodgers: Slaughter on the Underwood overture; Nature overture; Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Gilels, New York Philharmonic, Bernstein); Haydn: Symphony No. 4 (Bournemouth Sinfonietta, Norrington); Mozart: Symphony No. 5

SUNDAY


Liv Ullmann
Educational TV: 10.30

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
9.00 Cartoons 9.25 Cartoons 9.30 Bobby's Wings 10.15 Telegram 10.30 Look at Liv 15.00 Everyman's University: Art in the Age of Technology: Viewpoint 16.00 Barriers (part 9) 16.30 Rainbow Stories 17.00 A New Evening – magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Yellow Time
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.00 Cartoons
18.30 News roundup
18.35 Sesame Street
19.30 Newsdesk
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Programme Trailer
20.30 700 Top – pop and entertainment
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Mabat: Network and Overseas Sports Review
21.40 Dallas: Where there's a way
22.30 Little Murder: Elliot Gould, Marsh Rodd and Donald Sutherland
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
15.00 Tucker's Witch 16.15 Gadget 2000 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.30 Arabic 20.30 Buffalo Bill 21.10 Napoleon and Love 22.00 News in English 22.15 Documentary 23.00 News in English
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.00 Good News 13.30 Westbrook Hospital 14.00 Insight 14.30 700 Club 15.00 Afternoon Movie 16.30 Spiderman 17.00 Cultural 20.00 Theatre Showcase 21.00 News in Review 21.30 Evening Circus 22.30 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Musical Clock
7.07 Bach: Trio Sonata; Fasch: Sinfonia; Mozart: Minuet
7.30 Grieg: Morning Song from Peer Gynt; Wieniawski: Violin Concerto; Bizet: Excerpts from Carmen (Victoria de Los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, Thomas Beecham); Schumann: 3 Romances, Op. 94; Faure: Ballade, Op. 19; Lalo: Fantasy in F minor, Op. 103, for piano 4-hands; Mozart: Piano Concerto in B-flat major, K.450 (Alfred Brendel, Marriner); Bruch: Kol Nidrei; Kronmann: Oboe Quartet; Montsalvatge: 5 Madrigals; Bizet: Symphony in C major
12.10 Eli Kahn, soprano; Ruth Manor, piano — works by Lutoslawski, Forster, Ran, Du-Or, Stravinsky, Serenade in A; Barber: Summer Music; Debussy: Images (Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Orchestre de Paris, Paul Paray); Prokofiev: Cinderella, ballet (complete recording)
13.05 Chamber Concerto Grosso (Ilona Brown, Dorian Wind, Paul Tortelier); Quartet (Dorian, Haydn); Bach: Concerto for Violin, Piano and Strings in D minor (Perlman, Ashkenazy, Previn); Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21, K.467 (Gina Bachauer, Boult); Sibelius: Symphony No. 4 (Bournemouth Symphony, Berglund); Mozart: Symphony No. 5
15.00 Radiodrama
15.10 Emmanuel Krasnovsky, piano
16.10 Schubert: Sonata in A, Major, D.959
17.00 Music in Literature — Who is Who?
18.00 Chamber Music (no details available)
19.05 Mr. Concert
20.30 Second hearing of new recordings
22.30 Marc-Antoine Charpentier: Death of Socrates; Bach: Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Quartet, Op. 21 (Perlman, Juilliard); Bartok: The Miraculous Mandarin, Op. 19 (Abbado)
23.30 Puccini: Turandot, Part two — 12.30 Folksongs and Jazz

MONDAY


Edna Pe'er
Army: 23.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
9.00 Home Front 9.20 Cartoons 9.30 Bobby's Wings 10.15 Telegram 10.30 Education 11.00 Architecture 15.00 Three Problems 15.45 Your Dad – physics 16.25 Rehov Sumsum 16.00 The Plants Trees of India (part 3) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Between Us – bi-weekly children's magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.35 Sesame
18.45 Cartoons
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Programme Trailer
20.10 Pillar of Fire (part 15)
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Special Bulletin: Drama about attempted coup – science and technology magazine
21.50 Mabat Newsreel
22.30 Tony Peale – documentary about stage-era festivals. Part one: September 1963
23.10 Harvest Jazz at Paul Masson

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
15.00 Tucker's Witch 16.15 Gadget 2000 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Arabic 20.30 Matlow 21.10 Napoleon and Love 22.00 News in English 22.15 Reporter
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.00 Shape-Up 13.30 Insight 14.00 Another Life 14.30 700 Club 15.00 Afternoon Movie 16.30 Spiderman 17.00 Popeye 17.30 Flying House 18.00 Lamude 19.00 Bonanza 20.00 Another Life 20.30 World News Tonight 21.00 Entertainment Special WKRP Cincinnati 21.30 NBA Basketball 22.30 700 Club 23.45 News Update

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Musical Clock
7.07 Handel: Royal Fireworks Music (Marriner); Rossini: Sinfonia
7.30 Grieg: Symphonic Dances, Op. 64 (Previn, Saint-Saens: Symphony in A major (Matthioli; Brahms: Double Concerto (Perlman, Rostropovich, Concertgebouw, Haitink); Schubert: Grand Duo, Op. 140 (Eden, Tamir); Haydn: Symphonie Concertante (Leonti Scriabin: Symphony No.1, Op.26 (Radio Frankfurt, Inbal)
12.00 Schumann: Andante and Variations (Berk, Barron, Arieh, Verdi, Eastwood Symphony, Uri Vardi, Meir Wosner); Saint-Saens: Concerto Pastorale (James Galway); Concerto (Rostropovich, Previn, London Symphony); Mendelssohn: Scherzo Radio-Symphony, Berlin, Fricsay); Mozart: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra No. 4 (Grumiaux, Davis); Bach: Concerto for Violin, Piano and Strings in D minor (Perlman, Ashkenazy, Previn); Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21, K.467 (Gina Bachauer, Boult); Sibelius: Symphony No. 4 (Bournemouth Symphony, Berglund); Mozart: Symphony No. 5

TUESDAY


Roger Flatt
Educational TV: 10.30

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
9.00 Reboh Sumsum 9.25 Cartoons 9.30 Bobby's Wings 10.15 Telegram 10.30 Everyman's University: The Environment: Planes: The Kindergarten Years 16.00 Touch 16.30 Pretty Butterfly 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30-4.516
17.50 Faster, Higher, Stronger – sports
18.00 Cartoons
18.30 News roundup
18.45 What's the Answer?
19.00 The Naughty Doll
19.30 Documentary
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Near Ones and Dear Ones – Israeli series about relatives who live in the same apartment building. Starring Hanan Mor, Dan Toren, Lora Rivlin, Hai Dor and Tibi Dvora
20.30 Kalbotek
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 OB 'VIL' Part 2 of a 6-part drama series based on Leon Uris' bestseller. Starring Lee Remick and Ben Gazzara
22.35 Unknown Chaplin. Part 1 of 3-part documentary on Charlie Chaplin's life

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.30 Sesame Hall 19.00 Arabic 19.45 Marcus Welby 20.30 Secret Agent 21.30 Hawaii Five-O 22.30 News in English 22.45 Chicago Story 23.00 News in English 23.15 Shades of Darkness
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.00 Shape-up 13.30 Westbrook Hospital 14.00 Another Life 14.30 700 Club 15.00 Afternoon Movie 16.30 Spiderman 17.00 Popeye 17.30 Flying House 18.00 Lamude 19.00 Bonanza 20.00 Another Life 20.30 World News Tonight 21.00 Entertainment Special WKRP Cincinnati 21.30 White Shadow 22.30 1 Spy 23.30 700 Club 23.50 News Update

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Musical Clock
7.07 F. Couperin: 4 Preludes (Laurette Goldberg); Rameau: Cantata Nos 6 'or Berlioz (Israel Chamber Ensemble, Guy Bertini)
7.30 Mozart: Divertimento, K.205; Schreiber: Violin Concerto (Yuval Yeron, IPO, Atzmon); Copland: Billy the Kid, Suite; Clarinet music (London Symphony, Collard)
9.30 Chopin: Piano Concerto No.2 (Gerneck Olson); Beethoven: String Quartet, Op.130 (New Zurich); Schubert: Piano Quintet: Trout (Brendel, Cleveland Quintet); Scriabin: Symphony No.3 (Philharmonia, Giulini)
12.00 Rina Bronsman, piano — works by Lutoslawski, Forster, Ran, Du-Or, Stravinsky; Serenade in A; Barber: Summer Music; Debussy: Images (Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Orchestre de Paris, Paul Paray); Prokofiev: Cinderella, ballet (complete recording)
13.05 Music of the Old Masters (Jean-

WEDNESDAY


Elliott Gould
TV: 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
9.00 Reboh Sumsum 9.10 Be Careful 9.25 Cartoons 9.30 Bobby's Wings 10.15 Telegram 10.30 Education 11.00 Architecture 15.00 Three Problems 15.45 Your Dad – physics 16.25 Rehov Sumsum 16.00 The Plants Trees of India (part 2) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Between Us – bi-weekly children's magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.45 Inventions and innovations
18.50 Between Citizens and State
19.30 Newsdesk
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 The Bat that Cracked the Frog Code
20.30 Movie Time – cinema magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Maabat
22.05 Little Murder: Elliot Gould, Marsh Rodd and Donald Sutherland
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
15.00 Tucker's Witch 16.15 Gadget 2000 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.30 Arabic 20.30 Buffalo Bill 21.10 Napoleon and Love 22.00 News in English 22.15 Documentary 23.00 News in English
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.00 Shape-Up 13.30 Insight 14.00 Another Life 14.30 700 Club 15.00 Afternoon Movie 16.30 Spiderman 17.00 Popeye 17.30 Flying House 18.00 Lamude 19.00 Bonanza 20.00 Another Life 20.30 World News Tonight 21.00 Entertainment Special WKRP Cincinnati 21.30 Father Knows Best 22.30 700 Club 23.30 News Update

VOICE OF MUSIC

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7.07 F. Couperin: 4 Preludes (Laurette Goldberg); Rameau: Cantata Nos 6 'or Berlioz (Israel Chamber Ensemble, Guy Bertini)
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13.05 Music of the Old Masters (Jean-

THURSDAY


David Oistrakh
Voice of Music: 19.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
9.00 Home Front 9.20 Cartoons 9.30 Bobby's Wings 10.15 Telegram 10.30 Education 11.00 Architecture 15.00 Three Problems 15.45 Your Dad – physics 16.25 Rehov Sumsum 16.00 The Plants Trees of India (part 3) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Between Us – bi-weekly children's magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Sesame
18.45 Cartoons
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Match of the Week
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Special Bulletin: Drama about attempted coup – science and technology magazine
21.45 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
15.00 Tucker's Witch 16.15 Gadget 2000 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.30 Arabic 20.30 Matlow 21.10 Napoleon and Love 22.00 News in English 22.15 Reporter
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.00 Shape-Up 13.30 Westbrook Hospital 14.00 Another Life 14.30 700 Club 15.00 Afternoon Movie 16.30 Spiderman 17.00 Popeye 17.30 Flying House 18.00 Lamude 19.00 Bonanza 20.00 Another Life 20.30 World News Tonight 21.00 Entertainment Special WKRP Cincinnati 21.30 60 Minutes 22.30 700 Club 23.30 News Update

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Musical Clock
7.07 Siebert: Overture Burlesque; Saint-Saens: Wedding Feast, Op.76 ; Saint-Saens: Carrive (Jean-Pascal Tortelier)
7.30 Grieg: Symphonic Dances, Op.64 (Previn, London Symphony); Mozart: Piano Concerto No.1; Studlar: Hasroda (Concertgebouw, Neumann); Studlar: Scenes, Op.25, No.1; Nielsen: Symphony No.3 (London Symphony, Ole Schmidt)
9.30 Brahms: Serenade No.1, Op.11 (Concertgebouw, Haitink); Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream, Incidental Music (Eden, Tamir); Haydn: Symphonie Concertante (Leonti Scriabin: Symphony No.1, Op.26 (Radio Frankfurt, Inbal)
12.00 Schumann: Andante and Variations (Berk, Barron, Arieh, Verdi, Eastwood Symphony, Uri Vardi, Meir Wosner); Saint-Saens: Concerto Pastorale (James Galway); Concerto (Rostropovich, Previn, London Symphony); Mendelssohn: Scherzo Radio-Symphony, Berlin, Fricsay); Mozart: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra No. 4 (Grumiaux, Davis); Bach: Concerto for Violin, Piano and Strings in D minor (Perlman, Ashkenazy, Previn); Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21, K.467 (Gina Bachauer, Boult); Sibelius: Symphony No. 4 (Bournemouth Symphony, Berglund); Mozart: Symphony No. 5

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Merose's moments



Yoram Merose: panel (Israel Museum). (Below) *David Gerstein: detail of bather (Radius Gallery).*

THE LARGE, cinemascopic panels of *Yoram Merose* are theatrical in their size, proportions, painterly gestures and content. In fact, all his boisterous energies are funelled into overt, mannered expressions called "Happy Moments (opera)."

Marching across his contemporary proscenium are a couple of flamboyant yet serious-looking tough guys whose arrogant, tense and muscular presence presents a sculpted cross-breeding of Johnny Weismuller and Bruce Lee. What surrounds these symbols of 20th century manhood is a pot-pourri of uncoordinated images depicting everything from modern communication tools (lights, cameras, typewriters) to mysterious tubes and vents, mad dogs, feathered hats, small maquettes on pedestals and non-passive machines that seem to control behaviour.

Basically, Merose is drawing not painting. His figures and objects are graphic expressions, while colour is used as a parallel effect for display and continuity rather than description. This direction allows Merose to fluctuate between emotional catharsis and decoration, as hues, strong and virulent as they might be, become balancing acts and are used mainly to carry ones eye evenly around the image-packed epic.

Merose's "screens" propose figures and objects as antagonists and protagonists, battling each other while establishing their own spatial compartments. In this way Merose uses space boldly as objects fly in and out of the plane with abandon while colour, applied as spittle or splash, mildly overrides and supports the black and white imagery.

MEROSE'S man and machine saga has many associations in art history, but Leger's political references and his industrio-socialist philosophy fields the loudest echo. The angular style of drawing used by Merose with its sculpted dimension (also a mirror of Leger's early cubism), is a harsh, unbending visual (technique that captures and holds in check the deluge of possessions that surround and choke his figure's very existence.

It would take a long time and a great deal of investigation to sort out the Merose imagery puzzle, yet one is fascinated by the accumulation of objects that are undirected and unaccounted for. What matters, however, is the objects' infringement on the figure, the attack of matter, and not the physical portrayal of reality.

Great art endures because its inherent elements (colour, line, shape and content) join forces equally to create a united, visual impact. Poor art fails because it lacks these interrelationships. Merose has painted pictures that project an immediate impact. They are strongly drawn, unorthodoxly composed, racked with both understandable and confused subject matter and painted in a graphic non-pigmented style. But what is the fundamental message? Is it about art or life? Does a Merose picture "work" because of its "moxy," or is the opposite true, that the grossness is an artistic technique that merely drags us under a spell and actually hides a fragile foundation that rather quickly disintegrates? (Israel Museum, Jerusalem).

MOSHE KUPFERMAN is an abstractionist who does not yield to the winds of change in art style or to new, "establishment created" directions. His unique method and manner of applying paint and his self-imposed restrictions of colour, combined with a sacred determination to make the most out of limited means, are assets to his art form.

The half-dozen canvases now on view are continuations of Kupferman's search for additional answers to the same painterly problems. It is as if Kupferman has been painting one gigantic, universal mural, whose conceptual tie lines are dramatically maintained — only the pictures' edges come to an abrupt end, to be picked up once more in the next rectangle.

Kupferman's structural underplan of drawn or scratched grids, girders and geometric contours is overlayed by more of the same with additions of scapled fields of alternating dense and translucent colours, the traditional family of dirty whites, black and his special greyed violet. This openness and closeness versus bouts of density and opacity is often quite beautiful, as is Kupferman's physical application of pigment, characterized by an immediacy and honesty not seen often in abstract painting.

Kupferman's ability to create languid or abrupt movements of banded shapes across the surface of the same canvas is sometimes static, sometimes dynamic, but always human in feeling. These new abstractions reiterate once again that Kupferman is his own man as he continues to develop his special brand of expression. (Noemi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hachacham, Tel Aviv. Till April 22.)

DAVID GERSTEIN paints life-size figures at or in the Dead Sea. He renders his people with a great deal of reductive gusto as they float, bend or sit in genre poses. Gerstein's folk are only real in the sense that they are believable in time and space while not being set apart as pictorial illusions. Nor is the Dead Sea illustrated as a romantic spot in the desert. Except for the black mud smeared across the length and breadth of limbs and the occasional nod to buoyancy, the bathers could just as well have been vacationing in the south of France or at Coney Island.

Most enjoyable is Gerstein's handling of paint, which is Rembrandtesque — pigment is laid on thickly in a contoured or sculpted manner. Colour is handled locally as skin tones and sea tones capture the physical properties without overburdening the viewer with details of texture and surface. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv. Till April 19.)

MASTER DRAWINGS from the Uffizi Gallery are on display at the Israel Museum till May 8. The public is invited to view this special exhibit; admission will be free on Independence Day. □

Gil Goldfine



This Week in Israel·Th

JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

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EXHIBITIONS



MASTER DRAWINGS FROM THE UFFIZI GALLERY An extraordinary show of 50 drawings by Italian masters of the 16th and 17th centuries, focusing on the Renaissance, Mannerism and the Baroque, and including, among others, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Tintoretto. Through the show lent by the renowned Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy, the Israel Museum is honoured to participate in its 400th anniversary celebration.

Face and Body — new acquisitions in photography (Library Entrance Hall) From April 14

Ganiza — 12 pages from the Cairo Geniza, including Rebbi Judah Helevi's letter and a Responsum by Maimonides

Ryoram Merose: "Happy Moments (Opera)" — paintings

Small Scale Modern Sculpture from the Museum — until April 8

Joseph Zaritsky — Oil paintings and aquarelles

Henrion — 45 Years of Design (courtesy of Sydney Cowan, London)

David Schneuer posters and advertisements

Tom Seidmann Freud — Illustrator of children's books (courtesy of Dubek, Ltd)

Scraps — creating home theater sets and greeting cards

Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology

News in Antiquities — new finds from excavations on display in various halls of the Bronfman archaeology wing.

Kadesh Barnea — a fortress from the Judean Kingdom (Rockefeller Museum)

How to Study the Past — at the Rockefeller Museum

News in Antiquities - finds from Sidonian family tombs Akhzib, 10th–7th century BCE. Early Phoenician. (Rockefeller Museum)

Special exhibits:

Image of Power — a finely carved, rare Maya stone figure representing an enthroned ruler (courtesy of Robert and Helen Kuhn, Los Angeles)

1984 Museum prizewinners: works by winners of annual Museum prizes for art

EVENTS

DANCE EVENING — Saturday, April 7 at 20.30
FROM THE TEMPLE THROUGH THE MEADOWS TO THE PALACE
An evening illustrating the three periods of change and influence on the Kathak Dance from India. With Kunar Duan (Ran Shinar), dance; Hezi Belik, poetry reading; Hanna Satz, slides

CONCERT — Sunday, April 8 at 20.30
BAROQUE INSTRUMENTS — Varied programme of mostly Italian music
With the San Francisco Philharmonic Quartet and Israeli musicians

FOR PESACH — CHILDREN'S PLAYS
Sun. 8; Mon. 9; Wed. 11 and Thurs. 12 April at 11.00 and 16.00
Tues., April 10 at 16.15; Fri., April 13 at 11.00
"KING SOLOMON'S TALES"
With Mike Danni, Nos Lev, Ruth Kanner and Ofer Shahin (music)
Sun. 8; Mon. 9; Wed. 11 and Thurs. 12 April at 11.00 and 15.30
Tues., April 10 at 16.15; Fri., April 13 at 11.00
MY FAVOURITE STORIES AND SONGS
Presented by Moni Barkan. Ages 6–12 (children only) — in Members' Lounge

SENIOR CITIZENS' FILM — Monday, April 9 at 11.00
MICHELANGELO — Frescoes, sculptures and architecture

FILM — Tuesday, April 10 at 18.00 and 20.30
NOA AT 17 (Israel 1981); Director: Yizhak "Zopel" Yoshurun

GALLERY TALK — Tuesday, April 10 at 18.15
THE UFFIZI EXHIBITION — Ruth Apter, Curator. (Please book (02) 698213)

LECTURE — Tuesday, April 10 at 20.30
BASKETRY AND WEAVING IN ANTIQUITY AS REPRESENTED IN ARCHAEOLOGY FINDS — Tamar Schick

Wednesday, April 11 at 20.30
ON COLLECTING AND COLLECTIONS OF JEWISH ETHNOGRAPHY IN POLAND, HUNGARY AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Professor Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett (in English)

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00; Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.30
Archaeology Galleries: Monday, April 9 at 16.00
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday, April 10 at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum: Friday, April 13 at 11.00

RUTH YOUTH WING
Recycling project is open Monday 14.00–17.00; Tuesday 16.00–20.00
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VISITING HOURS OF THE MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00–17.00; Tues. 16.00–22.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00–14.00
SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs; 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00–17.00; Fri. and Sat. 10.00–14.00
LIBRARY HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 16.00 to 20.00

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY. Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv—Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem—Kle'im

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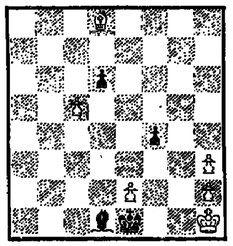
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White to play and win (6-4)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3165 (Hoch, Aloni). 1.b8Q! Rb8 2.Rf1 h1Q 3.Re1 Kf5! 4.Rh7!! Rb7! 5.Rh8! Rb8 (5. — Qb4 6.Rf8!Qf8 7.Rf1) 6.Rh7 Qe1 7.Rf7 Ke5 8.Re7 Kf5 9.Rf7, draw.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

GARY KASPAROV had a two-point lead after only four games in his match with Vassily Smyslov, which is being held in Vilnius. The first two games ended in a draw, but then Kasparov scored two victories to lead his rival by 3-1. Though still 5½ points away from the 8½ points needed to win the match, Kasparov has established a comfortable lead.

IRINA LEVITINA has also established a two-point lead in her match with Lydia Semenova, which is being held in Sochi. After the draw in the first game, Levitina won the second and third game and was leading 2½-½.

BEERSHEBA WINS AGAIN

THE FIFTH round of the First Division brought Beersheba a smashing 5-1 victory over Jerusalem ASA. Jerusalem scored its single point on the top board, where Yitzhak Veinger beat Alon Grinfeld. The surprise of the fifth round was Rehovot's 3½-2½ victory over Hadera. Tel Aviv University ASA beat Haifa Technion ASA with the same result, while the meets between Rishon Lezion Feldklein and Ramat Gan and between Kiryat Sprinzak and Tel Aviv Youth Centre ended in a 3-3 draw.

Overall standings after the fifth round: Beersheba, 22; Feldklein, 18½; T.A. ASA, 17½; Hadera, 17; Ramat Gan, 16; T.A. Youth Centre, 13½; Jerusalem ASA, 12; Technion ASA and Kiryat Sprinzak, 11½; Rehovot 10½ points.

HJARTARSON WINS IN REYKJAVIK

JOHANN HJARTARSON, 20, won the Reykjavik International Tournament, scoring 8 points in 11 games. The winner is an employee of the Agricultural Bank of Iceland, which sponsored the event (it was the first international tournament in Iceland sponsored solely by one firm). Margeir Petursson was runner-up in the event with 7 points. Both he and the winner were unbeaten. Tied for third were H. Olafsson and G. Sigurjonsson with 6½ points, while Pia Cramling, Sweden's top woman player, tied for fifth with IGM L. Shamkovich of the US, both scoring 6 points.

CRAMLING — KRISTINSSON

1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 a6 6.f4 e5 7.Nf3 Nbd7 8.a4 Qc7 9.Bd3 g6 10.0-0 Bg7 11.-Qe1 b6 12.Qh4 Bb7 13.Kh1 0-0 14.f5 Rae8 15.Bg5 Qc5 16.Nd2 Qb4 17.Rab1 Re8 18.Rf3 d5 19.Rbf1 de4 20.Nc:e4 Be4 21.Ne4 Ne4 22.Be4 Nc5 23.fg6 h6 24.gf7 Kh8 25.Bh6 Qe4 26.Bg7. Black resigns.

ENDGAME FINESSE

White — Ke2; Bc4; Pe2, f3, g2, h3. (6). Black — Kg5; Bb2; Pa3, c7, f4, g6, h7. (7). Black to play.

1.- Kh4 2.Kf2 Bd4 3.Kf1 Kg3 3.Bg8 h5 5.Bf7 g5 6.Be6 c6! 7.Bc4 g4 8.hg hg 9.fg Kg4 10.Be6 Kg3 11.Bc4 Bf2! 12.Be6 f3! 13.gf Kf3 14. Bg8 Ke3. Black marches with his King to b2 and wins.(Solomenko — Bessmertni, USSR, 1952).



ART OF ATTACK

White — Ke2; Qa2; Ne2, Nf4; Ph2, e4, f2, g2. (8). Black — Kd8; Qh6; Nd7; Pe7, d4, do, e6, f7. (8).

1.Qa8 Ke7 2.Nd5!! ed 3.Nd4 Qf4 4.Nf5 Kf6 5.Qh8 -Ke6 (5. — Kg6 6.Qg7 Kh5 7.g4! Qg4 8.Qh6x) 6.Ng7, and Black resigned in view of 6. — Ke5 7.Nh5, or 6. — Ke7 7.Qe8 Kf6 8.Nh5. (Vaganian-Henley, Hastings 1982/83.) □

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Unusual

BRIDGE/George Levinrew

TODAY'S TOPIC is what I like to call the Unusual Unusual. The deals presented here are certainly *not* run-of-the-mill situations; they are problems which might well prove insoluble to many experts.

In reading this column, I'd suggest that you look at all the hands, and decide how you would play the hands as South. In planning your double-dummy play, assume that you get the best defence. Then, after you've done all that, read the analysis.

North
♠QJ8
♡KQ74
◇87
♣AK73

West (D)
♠7654
♡10
◇AQJ953
♣92

East
♠K
♡AJ952
◇1042
♣QJ84

South
♠A10932
♡863
◇K6
♣1065

OUR FIRST DEAL comes from a pairs competition, at the Ninth Common Market Championships. South was Patrick Jourdain, editor of the *International Bridge Press Association Bulletin*, playing a contract of three spades. West, who had entered the bidding in diamonds, led the heart ten, covered by dummy's king and allowed to win by East. Jourdain saw six possible losers — one spade, two hearts, two diamonds and a club — and the contract seemed to depend on "finding" both the king of spades and the ace of diamonds in the East hand. That was most improbable, and Jourdain found a better way to score eight tricks. At Trick Two, he led the spade queen from dummy, covered by the king and won by the ace. That eliminated one possible loser. Now Jourdain returned to dummy with the spade jack, and cashed two more trumps. Next came a club to dummy and a small club, in the hope that West, who had shown up with four spades and an obvious singleton heart, had been dealt six diamonds and the doubleton queen of clubs. In that case he would be end-played, and forced to open the diamonds, but East played the club queen, and switched to a diamond. West won two tricks in the suit, and was on lead in this position:

North
♠—
♡Q7
◇—
♣K7

West
♠—
♡—
◇Q953
♣—

East
♠—
♡AJ
◇—
♣J8

South
♠3
♡86
◇—
♣9

West led the diamond queen, and Jourdain made the Unusual Unusual play; he discarded a heart from each hand East had no problems here; the heart jack was still an "idle card." But on the next diamond lead, East was squeezed after the heart queen was discarded from dummy. A heart would establish declarer's eight-spot, and a club would make both north's king and seven high. (Of course, South would ruff this trick).

North
♠Q7632
♡K3
◇A105
♣AKQ

West
♠J1098
♡J8
◇K842
♣J65

East
♠—
♡Q10964
◇J73
♣109832

South (D)
♠AK54
♡A752
◇Q96
♣74

OUR SECOND DEAL is a candidate for Hand of the Year. It comes from a tournament in Bucharest. The South was Fanica Spinei. While the North-South hands have only 31 high-card points, the long spade suit gives extra value.

The heart jack was the opening lead. South saw that he could make the contract if spades split. But a spade at the second trick gave declarer the bad news; a sure loser in trump as well as a probable loser in diamonds. The declarer then won two more spades and two top clubs.

Then came the Unusual Unusual: declarer trumped the third top club! The heart ace was cashed and a small heart continued on which West discarded a diamond! (If West had ruffed, a diamond would be discarded from dummy and West would have had to lead a diamond to the queen.) Declarer trumped the third heart in dummy and West was thrown in with a spade.

East was squeezed. He had to keep a heart as control against dummy while declarer discarded his last heart. West had to underlead the diamond king while East played low holding on to the Jack. South won with the nine and then played the queen pinning Jack and making two diamond tricks! What brilliant timing! □

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MUSIC

Yohanan Boehm



"FOR 23 YEARS I hesitated to invite Mehli Mehta to conduct the Israeli Philharmonic Orchestra until the management of the orchestra prodded me to do so," says Zubin Mehta, musical director of the IPO, speaking of his father. His understandable scruples may have been weakened when Mendi Rodan invited Mehta *père* to conduct a series of concerts with the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, in January 1982, six months after the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra had given him an opportunity to direct one of its promenade concerts.

In all modesty, I should like to think that my own enthusiastic comments in this column on two separate experiences of Mehli Mehta's conducting in Los Angeles may have played some part in getting the IPO to bring him to Israel. One was the performance of Ernest Bloch's *Sacred Service* in honour of the composer's centenary in January 1979; the other, in 1982, was watching him rehearsing the all-American Youth Symphony Orchestra, which is his own creation.

Be that as it may, the IPO has at last announced that Mehli Mehta will be conducting a series of concerts for the army next week, in Upper Nazareth, Haifa and Tel Aviv. The soloist will be Lazar Schuster, the leader of the orchestra's second violins.

THE COMING work will highlight two outstanding guest conductors.

□ Iona Brown, the English violinist/conductor, who has just directed the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra in a programme "From Bach to Mozart," has returned to the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra to work with its members and prepare five concerts, to be climaxed by an appearance at the Tel Aviv Museum on April 14. The programme will include works by Bach, Elgar and Haydn.

□ An All-Bach programme will be conducted by John Curry with the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, in a series of concerts beginning next week. Soloists Gilah Yaron and Zvia Litevsky in the vocal parts, leader Eliyahu Shulman, violin; Moshe Epstein, flute; and Susan Barrett, oboe; will be featured in the Second Suite for Orchestra, two Cantatas (Nos. 170 and 209), and the Violin Concerto in D minor. The series ends on Sunday, April 15, at the YMCA Auditorium in Jerusalem. John Curry is well remembered by our audiences for leading first-class choirs — the Scottish National, Edinburgh Festival and his own John Curry Choir — in excellent concert performances.

OUR LOCAL music ensembles have lately enjoyed the addition of a well-known and popular ambassador to its ranks. He is none other than Dr. Nils Hansen, the German ambassador, renowned for his fluent Hebrew, but perhaps less well known as a passionate flautist. He appeared last week at a "Bach-plus" concert in Givatayim, in collaboration with Varda Nishri. Last night, the Campus Orchestra of Tel Aviv University, under its conductor, Sam Sebba, performed works by Haydn, Mozart and Bizet, and the first flute in the "L'Arlesienne" Suite No.2 was played by Dr. Hansen.

THE HAIFA Symphony Orchestra is expanding its activities in several directions under the energetic direction of its chief conductor, Urs Schneider, and its new director-general, Haim Shafir: It is has been giving concerts for young audiences and for the army; and last month helped Eilat to celebrate the 35th anniversary of its liberation. Flying down 65 musicians, the HSO presented a special concert at which Eilat was presented with the "Travelling Top Hat" of *Omanut La'am* by Avner Shalev, chairman of the Education and Culture Ministry's Public Council for the Arts in recognition of the town's lively cultural activities during the past year. The HSO next morning invited the children of Eilat to a youth concert in which Shlomo Nitzan told the story of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* and hundreds of children tried to clap in time with the *Can-Can* from Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*. During April, the story of Saint-Saen's *Carnaval des Animaux* will be told to the children of Haifa by Dan Kuner in several performances and Arieh Vardi, pianist and conductor will present examples of "musical thefts". Last week, the Haifa Symphony appeared at The Munn Auditorium in Tel Aviv to perform for the third annual conference of the Moroccan Settlers' Association. On the programme was the premiere of a *Mograbi Symphony* by Moroccan-born Shimon Shahal, who has been active for many years in music education in Ashkelon.

Finally, the HSO is going back to the Knights Halls in Old Acre for a series of seven programmes. The Old Crusader Castle provides a very special atmosphere for music, and it is highly commendable that these events are being revived. Three programmes will feature choirs: the Cameran Singers (Avner Itai); the Brigham Young University Choir from Utah, U.S. (Ralph Woodward), and the Monteverdi Choir from Hamburg (Jurgen Jurgens). Of the other four programmes, two will be conducted by Urs Schneider (one with the charming *Pastoral d'été* by Honegger, the other with Stravinsky's *L'histoire du soldat*). Itzhak Steiner and Meir Wiesel will direct the other two programmes, which are very much Baroque-oriented, with Haydn and Mozart and the most "modern" composers, Ram Dux's *Suite in Old Style* will be the only Israeli work to be performed. □

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

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EVENTS
1. The First Interuniversity Conference on the Research of Hebrew Literature For registration and information on the program, please call Dr. Zive Shemir, Dept. of Hebrew Literature, Tel Aviv University, Ramat Aviv 69978, Tel. 420613. April 9–12.
2. "The Jewish Uprising during the Second World War" A study evening in Yiddish (in cooperation with the World Council for Yiddish and Jewish Culture). Participants: Hirsch Smolar, Hirsch Asharovitz, Moti Saktzeer. Moderator: Yaacov Zvi Sharyel. Tuesday, April 10 at 8 pm.
3. "The Lost Tribes in Afganistan and Pakistan" A discussion accompanied by slides. Participants: Rabbi Eliyahou Avihail, Moshe Caine and Jonathan Segal. Moderator: Yehoshua Benzion. Wed., April 11 at 8.30 pm.

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IT'S A POP SHOW, this *Dancing in the Streets* due to go around Israel and perhaps abroad but it's pop with a difference. Dreamed up and written by Israeli Ehud Manor, it has been directed and choreographed by American Donald McKayle, known here for works like *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Album Leaves* for the Batsheva Company.

McKayle's touch is immediately detectable in this bold, brash, bouncing balloon of a show, danced by eight stage-filling Americans who, I was told, were real street dancers. McKayle chose them from more than 200 who answered an ad in New York.

Only one had any training off the streets. The others are "naturals" and champions at their sidewalk skills.

At the Nahmani Theatre in Tel Aviv (March 28) they began against a backdrop of trashcans, spinning like tops on their bottoms, swivelling on their heads or on a single arm, turning like human tornadoes, one roller-skating like a wizard.

Dancing in the Streets is rock, jazz, reggae, punk, funk — and junk too, as it screams, romps, gyrates and laughs its way along. It's acrobatic most of the time, but it's dancing all the time. The singing is largely and loudly on tapes against an ever-changing cyclorama of scenes and mechanical illusions. If your hearing can survive the onslaught of sound, you may even love it. Two dancers sing-say about New York, "I Hate It", "I Love It." That's your choice.

There is some sort of story line in the gang rivalry between Electrix and Breakups (shades of *West Side Story*). They try to outdo each other and end up dancing together. (Shades of *Fame*?)

That's Part I. In Part II, McKayle's choreography really takes over. In one of the songs, "Walking on the Moon," the dancers look weightless. There is also a love complication, with a solo to words about "love in the dark." The dancer is no Donna Wood, but she held our attention with multi-faceted moves and emotions. It was over-long, though.

A dose of pantomime came when horrendous feathered creatures menaced the girl, and her boy came floating through the air to her rescue.

Absurd? Yes, but then this is a young people's musical, as indicated by the predominantly young (below and above teenage) overflow audience. And, after all, there's a child in every one of us.

EVEN THOSE familiar with Kol Demama, Moshe Efrati's company of deaf and hearing dancers, must have felt new recognition on seeing his latest *Reminiscence* at the Jerusalem Theatre on March 27.

Like all his creations, it leaned heavily on metaphor, expressed in what, for want of a better word, may be called abstract dance. Yet it was dance loaded with emotional impact, stemming not from the nature of the company but from the choreography.

Psalms of Jerusalem and *Chapters, Voices* (also on this programme) used symbolism with strong rhythm of movement, varied with ornamentations of gesture. In *Reminiscence*, Efrati goes a stage further, using sign language to enhance the movement.

This served like a descant in music — an upper "melody" to the pulse of the dancing. What the signs meant, if anything, I don't know, but what mattered was the sense of searching, bewilderment, determination, questioning, probing for relationships, for communication.

The summation was in the solo dance by Amnon Damti to music by Bach. It was a performance so beautifully timed, no hearing dancer could have bettered, or perhaps even equalled, it. Damti's body responded to an inner music at one with the actual sound.

All the dancers moved with a dedication and involvement particular to Kol Demama, and, as always, there was no division between the hearing and deaf dancers.

THE INBAL Dance Theatre, celebrating its 35th anniversary, is presenting a series of guest artists at its Neve Zedek premises in Tel Aviv. The first was Sally Anne Friedland (already reviewed here). On March 30, there was Pamela Sharni.

Most interesting was Sharni's design for "Movement from Contact Improvisation." Called *In a Clearing* (music: Paul Winter), it was danced by Anne Aronov and Anne Lemieux and had a freshness and spontaneity that demanded (and received) physical strength. The two dancers often lifted each other.

Most accomplished of Sharni's three solos was still her *Bird Against Wall, on Stairs*, although it was altered to suit the venue.

A work of high potential was *Konseret: A Duet for One* (music: Arieh Rufeisen; flautist: Michael Meltzer). Using an interesting (though not original) idea, the dancer appeared on film (by Bernard Zaltzman, sponsored by Bank Discount) and on stage at the same time in the same unitard and in similar movements.

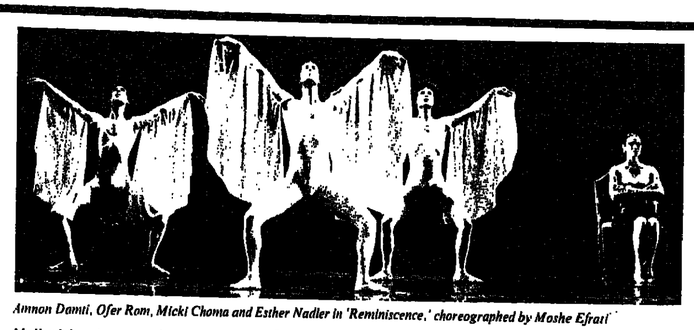
It didn't quite succeed because it was too brief to achieve its full effect and so congested that one's eyes had to oscillate between film and stage, like at a tennis tournament, missing something of both.

I suggest that the film be run twice at future performances, and that Sharni fill in the time it is being rewound with an *adagio* of the same steps, with or without music. The performance would also be enhanced if her live dance were more closely synchronized with her film image.

The Devil and His Assistant from a tale by Agnon (music: Moshe Rasiuk; soprano: Ruth Litai-Jacobi; piano: Riki Sperber) depended too heavily on words and not enough on dance. The choreography was too unimportant, too undefined. The story needed more serious treatment by the dancer in order to be humorous.

The next artist will be Rina Shaham, on April 14. She will be assisted by Sonja Rupitz and Amiel Malaleh.

DANCE will be predominant in the Ein-Gev Festival this year. Of five performances, three will be given by dance companies: the Kibbutz Dance Company (April 18) and the Batsheva Dance Company (April 21 at 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.) □



Amnon Damti, Ofer Rom, Micki Choma and Esther Nadler in 'Reminiscence,' choreographed by Moshe Efrati

Kid stuff

DANCE/Dora Sowden

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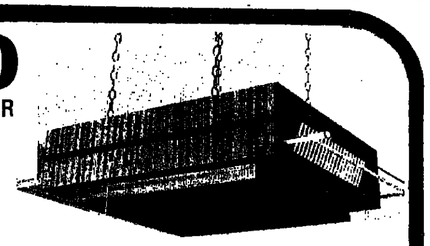
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ART GUIDE

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MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Opening Exhibition (14.4): Face and Body, New Acquisitions in Photography. **Continuing Exhibitions:** Master Drawings from Uffizi Gallery (until 8.5); Ruyram Mercose, "Happy Moments" (Opera), paintings; Henrion, 45 Years of Design; David Schneuer, Posters and Advertisements; Tom Seidmann Freud Illustrator of Children's Books; Scraps, Home Theatre Sets and Greeting Cards; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art. 12 Pages from Cairo Geniza — Medieval Manuscripts. **Special Exhibit:** Works by Winners of 1984 Museum Prizes. **Rockefeller Museum:** Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom Fortress; News in Antiquities, Finds from Phoenician Tombs, 10th to 7th cent. B.C.E.; How to Study the Past (for children, Paley Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum). Closed Saturdays.

Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II, 6 Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hekhal Shlomo: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Special Purim Exhibit. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 247112.

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T.A. Museums

Tel Aviv Museum. Exhibitions: Dr. Erich Salomon, From a Photographer's Life. Cosmic Images in 20th Century Art. Classical Painting in 17th and 18th Centuries: Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. Twentieth Century Art. Israeli Art. **Visiting Hours:** Sun.-Thur. 10-10 Sat. 10-10. Sat. 10-2; 7-10. Fri. closed. **Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Exhibitions:** A Pear and an Apple. Still Life Exhibition. **Visiting Hours:** Sun.-Thur. 9-1; 5-9. Sat. 10-2. Fri. closed.

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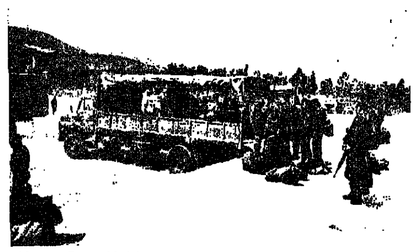
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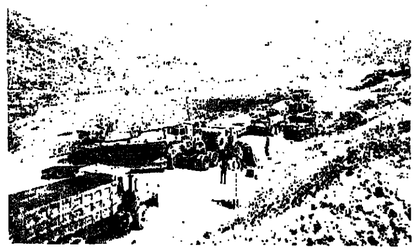
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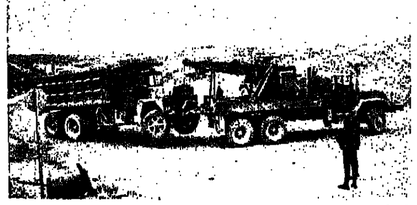
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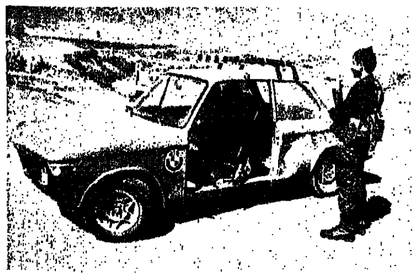
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(Above) *Open-sided 'safari,' which now transports troops to Lebanon.*
(Below) *Traffic jam at Israeli roadblock in eastern Lebanon.*





(Above) *Truck is towed away after driver was killed by terrorist ambush.*
(Below) *Doorless car is typical of vehicles on Lebanese roads.*

drivers had to do guard duty: arguments galore.

An exception to this rule was made for an Israeli contractor hired by the army to repair the Sahmour road. His heavy trucks could come and go when and as they pleased — on the road strictly closed to army traffic. These trucks were not accompanied by armed vehicles, nor did they carry soldiers in their cabs. In fact, the army was so eager for them to finish the work quickly that one officer working with the contractor told me, "Keep the road clear of civilian traffic for them, so that they are not hindered. Every hour they work is costing the army a lot of money."

I wanted to ask: "If the road is so dangerous, why work on it?" But I just shrugged.

Closing the road caused chaos. Army and civilian traffic piled up instantly. The army drivers always left their engines running and ran up the sandbag stairs to argue with the officer in charge. Below, with all the tumult, we could hear nothing of what was being shouted to us as orders came over the radio.

The civilians accepted the sudden and seemingly arbitrary road closings with a mixture of resentment and resignation. We couldn't tell them why the road was closed or for how long. Often we ourselves didn't know, and in any case many of us did not speak Arabic.

An old fisherman passed through our roadblock early every morning. He drove a battered old Peugeot 404 with a crudely made double-bladed paddle tied to the roofrack. He always wore black Wellington boots. Gingerly, without being asked, for he was very familiar with the routine, he would jump out of the driver's seat and open the boot of his car. Inside was a large blue plastic bowl with a fishing net in it. On his return towards noon, he again would open his boot to reveal the bowl, usually about half full of sprats, with the net beside it.

One morning the road was closed and he was held up. He waited. When the road was opened he went, but he was soon back. He opened his boot for me, and the bowl was empty. "*Ma feesh*? — Nothing?" I asked him in his own language. "*Ma feesh*," he echoed with upturned hands. I waved him on.

THE NIGHTS were different. Moshe and I, who usually did these cold, but so far dry, shifts together, passed them in quiet, earnest conversation. After a while the normal night sounds — the army radio's squelch, the baleful howling of the foxes and hyenas, the slamming of the outhouse doors in the wind, and the constant small arms and artillery fire in the distance — went unnoticed. The high point of every night vigil was watching our replacements being awakened.

Between our first and second leaves we seemed to be besieged with incidents of all kinds. One evening a shepherd brought his herd to the deserted house on the hillside opposite our position. Avi shot straight at the house with a Browning .03 to get the shepherd to move his flock. Luckily nobody was hit. Some shouting in Arabic followed, and master-sergeant Aharon called the men over to us. Two shepherds soon appeared from out of the dark, seemingly not the least bit intimidated by the experience, and Aharon explained to them that they couldn't stay there overnight. After more talk, they agreed to leave, but their sheep would have to stay because they couldn't move them at night. Aharon, who was reasonable, accepted, saying, "What can we do? They've also got to live."

Then there was the affair of the missing cakes. One Thursday morning we got three cakes for Shabbat. By the afternoon they were all gone. Avi was furious when he found out. He run around the camp, shouting, "Who ate them? They were for Shabbat. They were for everybody." Moshe observed, "It's like Captain Queeg and the missing strawberries in *The Caine Mutiny*." We knew who the phantom eater was, everybody knew — except Avi.

Finally, the night before Moshe and I were to go home a second time the stove burned a hole in our tent. It was faulty and began spewing out hot soot, some of which landed on the tent, causing it to catch fire. Like white sheep we dashed out dressed only in our long underwear, yelling, "Gal, Gal, the fire extinguisher!" Gal, who fixed everything at the camp, was the only one who knew where it was. With the fire out, we called headquarters with the news. The answer was that we would have a new tent in the morning and a new stove the next day. That night we had no heat.

That same night the puck-puck went wild and couldn't be turned off. Finally, David, our electronics expert from the Technion, brought it under control; but it couldn't be started again. Without electricity we couldn't use either our projector lamps or our radio, both vital in the event of attack. David rigged up the wires to the batteries of a truck parked in our camp. Again, help was promised.

LEAVE, I regretted to find, was not the pleasure I expected it to be. I felt that many people distanced themselves from me, the soldier serving in Lebanon. People didn't know what to say to me, didn't want to ask, didn't want to hear. They seemed afraid to know. Every day somebody is hurt or killed in Lebanon; as long as it's only a faceless name, they can live with their confusion. But when they see somebody they know who is there, they — we — don't know where to put themselves.

To go back was depressing. But back we went and in five days nothing had changed. The burned tent and faulty stove were still there; the electrical wires were still hooked up to the truck's now nearly dead batteries. That night there wasn't enough juice to start the lorry's engine.

We still had nine nights in Lebanon to go before the end, and the tension was mounting visibly. One evening, Meir, a young carpenter from Beersheba, was convinced that he heard something which was followed by a puff of smoke on the hill below the abandoned house. He unhesitatingly opened fire with the Browning .03 machine gun. There was more small arms fire from the other guards, and somebody threw a grenade into the wadi across the road. With that the action for the evening ended.

Two RPGs were fired at a road patrol from our unit one morning. Both missed their targets.

SHLOMO IS a good, loyal Israeli soldier and citizen. He is very religious, and because of the lack of kashrut, something he understood and never complained about, he was unable to eat cooked food with us. One night we did guard duty together and he told me his views. "I don't quite know what I'm doing here," he said, "leaving my wife at home when she's nine months pregnant. I suppose I, too, should have tried to get out of it. I haven't seen her for 10 days now, and there's no telephone here.

"But if *we* don't stay in Lebanon the terrorists will come back again. We cannot leave only to have things return to the way they were before the war."

On Thursday, one week before we were to go home, about 9.30 in the morning, Israeli jeeps and armoured troop carriers went up the Sahmour road in force. Moshe and I were on duty that morning. We heard firing and the road was clamped shut. Somebody had fired at one of the lorry drivers. Next came an ambulance, more jeeps, another troop carrier, and the commander. A helicopter swooped in. Still another wagon and a jeep rolled up. Moshe had a word with them. "That was the rabbinate," he reported, "they've come to take the driver's body away."

That afternoon three more cakes arrived for Shabbat. Avi scooped them up and, clutching them close to his chest, took them away for safe-keeping. This time he was taking no chances. It was light relief in its purest form.

Later on they brought out the lorry. It had two bullet holes in the windscreen; the one over the steering wheel was surrounded by a fine red spray. After that we never saw the truckers again. All work ceased.

The news of the killing was first broadcast on the radio at 11 o'clock that night. There were no details. We still did not know which driver was dead. Was it the older one or one of the younger ones? Somehow it was very important for us to know.

IN THE early hours of Friday night Moshe and I heard rocks roll down close by. I knelt by the .03 since I had fired it in an earlier defensive excercise, and Moshe crouched low with his M16 in hand. We listened intently for more noise. Earlier that evening the projector light bulb had burned out and there wasn't another one in the camp. We couldn't see. It was a dark night. Just then Gal turned on the puck-puck, which had finally been repaired. So then we also couldn't hear. Until the end of our watch, both of us lay on our bellies on the cold ground. The previous day's attack was still very fresh in our minds.

When we came out the next night, it was especially clear. Moshe and I even remarked on how bright the stars were. About an hour and a half before our watch was to end, it began to rain for the first time. And it rained hard. My first thought was for my bed; it was underneath the hole in the tent. Avner, who was guarding below, went in to push it aside. Nevertheless, the blankets got wet.

Cloud bank after cloud bank swept over us, dumping rain, sleet and hail. A sense of hopelessness and depression swallowed us up. We scurried about like hares. There were only three rain suits — there were supposed to be six.

On the road below the car checks went on as in good weather. In driving rain drivers got out and opened their boots and bonnets. Najib was particularly steadfast in his duty. Aharon's hot meal was the only bright spot on the first day of rain. Served around three in the afternoon, it served as both lunch and supper. Nobody was about to stand around outside washing dishes in that kind of weather.

The foul weather continued almost without letup. Nature seemed determined to make up for the dry winter. In misery, we watched Jabal Barukh regain its crown of snow and ice. In the midst of a shower an old Arab farmer came out to see the meadow across the way with wheat. His right arm swung stiffly like a pendulum, throwing the seed back and forth in an age-old way. The ground turned to mud, which sucked at our feet when we walked on it.

Towards morning on our last day but one the storm intensified, with frequent flashes of lightning followed by long rumbling rolls of thunder. It was so cold that the hail stayed on the ground. For us outside on guard duty time stood still as the ice-laden wind steadily increased to gale force.

The last day came none too soon. The new officer took a look around and remarked dolefully, "I wouldn't exactly call it a health resort." We left in the rain on the same safari that had brought our replacements. A half-track that had overturned earlier that day, injuring several of the 11 men riding in it, stood damaged in front of us.

As we waited to go we spoke about the accident. Even when accidents result in death, they are not mentioned on the news. No need to alarm the public or inflate the casualty figures.

On arriving at the Metulla crossing point the troops broke out in song, a song of joy and gratitude: "*Hevenu video aleichem. Hevenu video, video aleichem.*" Moshe turned to me and said, "It's not a very dignified way to leave Lebanon, is it?" □



HOARD OF HATE

The trail which begins with a medal bearing both a Magen David and a swastika leads WIM VAN LEER to a forgotten collection of anti-Semitic medals.

SOME 30 YEARS AGO I found myself on the pavements of Leipzig, retracing my steps during an earlier occasion when all around me uniformed louts were smashing shop-windows, looting furs and rounding up frightened Jews, an occasion now known as *Kristallnacht*.

Passing by a small shop whose window contained a jumble of bric-a-brac, I spotted a dusty coin embossed with a Magen David. I went inside and paid five marks to become the owner of this enigmatic brass artifact of the Nazi period.

The medal bears the legend "A Nazi goes to Palestine." On its reverse surface, it continues, "and tells the story in *Der Angriff*," a publication owned by Dr. Josef Goebbels.

Why should anyone mint a medal to commemorate a series of newspaper articles, even if the newspaper was owned by Dr. Goebbels? Why should the paper use the then somewhat derogatory word "Nazi"? When were the articles written and where could one find copies? And so on.

A recent visit to Berlin for that city's film festival prompted renewed interest in the medal. Magnification revealed that it had been manufactured by the firm of Christian Lauen in Nuremberg, as good a starting-point as any.

Founded in 1792, the firm had been acquired in 1906 by Gustav Rockstroh, whose grandson is the present manager. I spoke to the latter's father, who is now in his mid-eighties and does not remember ever having seen the medal, let alone having manufactured it. I tried to refresh his memory by mentioning the text and the swastika, this was a mistake, since the mention of the word swastika has an amnesic effect in Germany these days. End of the line.

The Numismatic Cabinet in Munich brought the existence of a book entitled *German Satirical Medals about Jews* (*Deutsche Spottmedaillen auf Juden*) to my attention. I hunted down a copy published in 1968. Written by Dr. Bruno Kirschner, who died in Jerusalem in 1964, it depicts my medal without commenting on it. However, it gives the date of minting as 1934. And this enabled me to engage a researcher to trace the articles in the files of the Institute of Contemporary History in Munich.

Meanwhile, Kirschner's book opened up a new facet of Germany's ingrained tradition of overt anti-Semitism. Most of the medals depicted and described date from the Lutheran reformation onwards, and what a fascinating can of Worms they prove to be. But first let us get our terminology right.

In the numismatic trade the official translation of *Spottmedaillen* is "satirical medals." This may well be correct for the many medals which constitute a caricaturistic, jocular or parodic attack against the powers temporal or spiritual. But in the case of anti-Semitic medals, the word derisory or even scurrilous would be more appropriate. For the hatred and abuse that spring from these artifacts have to be seen to be believed. The late Bruno Kirschner and his publisher (Ernst Battenberg Verlag, Munich) must be commended for giving them the exposure they deserve.

THE ILLUMINATED medal is an ideal medium for the dissemination of simple ideas. It has the pictorial impact of a cartoon combined with a compressed legend, usually a one-liner. The two sides, obverse and reverse, afford juxtaposition of good and evil, right and wrong, crime and punishment. Or just conflict, the essence of parody and satire. Thus, in support of the Reformation a flood of anti-Popish medals flowed from the engravers and minters of the ancient Bohemian city of Joachimsthal.

According to Kirschner, anti-Semitic medals fall into three categories:

□ individual denigration, against Jud Süss, Kurt Eisner, etc.;

□ historically derisory: Turkish wars/Conflagration of the Judengasse in Frankfurt am Main/Sabbatean movement;

□ collectively derisory: baptism, corn-Jews, cheating Jews, usurious Jews.

Some medals are shown, others are merely described, not necessarily in the above order.

A baptism medal (ca. 1650) shows on the obverse a Jew being baptized and kneeling by a river, a millstone tied around his neck and a henchman standing by to push him in. The legend reads "Thus (drowned) he shall endure," meaning that a converted Jew in order to remain a Christian needs eternal immersion as guaranteed by the millstone. The reverse legend reads: "A Jew only becomes a Christian when he has committed a crime, usually for money, so that they won't hang him. For, should he steal, they will punish him harshly." The marginal inscription reads "As sure as no mouse will eat a cat, the Jew won't make a Christian."

A curious exception is a laudatory medal struck in 1817 to celebrate the conversion to Catholicism of the Strassburger brothers Ratisbonne. This shows "the image of Maria before which Alphonese Marie Ratisbonne heard the voice that called him from the synagogue to Christianity."

In 1843 the brothers founded the convent of Our Lady of Zion in Jerusalem.

Other medals accuse the Jews of violating the Host in Enghien (Belgium) and Reggendorf (Germany).

The famous "camel-swallowing" medal derides the Jew for observing the trivia of the Tora while ignoring the main teaching, thus "seeing the mosquito and swallowing the camel." The obverse shows a Jew in his *talit* with the inscription "The Pharisee resurrected." On the reverse we find a negroid dwarf catching mosquitoes while swallowing a camel. The legend reads "Mosquito Suckler and Camel Swallower."

Another medal shows a pack of ravaging wolves, symbolizing papal greed for souls, lawyers' hunger for fat fees, and Jews yearning for fraudulent gain, all popular images. The legend, which rhymes in the original, reads: "Who trusts a wolf in the open meadow, a Jew by his oath and a cleric or lawyer by his conscience will be swindled (literally shat upon) by all four." What those early Jewbaiters lacked in subtlety they matched with lack of wit.

AN INTERESTING category comprises medals dealing with "feather Jews" and *"Hahnrei* (or cuckold) Jews." These were minted from 1670 till 1710, and only the obverse has any reference to Jews. One depicts a Jew carrying a large sack inscribed with the words *"Vitia Propria"* (his own vice), looking at the purse in his hands inscribed *"Vitia allena"* (other people's vices). Because of the cock-feathers in his hat he is ironically called a "feather Jew," the cock symbolizing sexual prowess. The message is clear: "I know my wife is cuckolding me. So what? Others suffer in the same way but either don't know or don't admit it." Thus the feathers take the place of the traditional cuckold's horns, and the marginal legend reads "Don't mock him; for truly many a cuckold has exchanged his wife's virtue for office or profit."

In 1738 a number of medals of derision were minted to commemorate the downfall and execution of Joseph Süss Oppenheimer, whose methods of taxation and social reforms were much resented by the populace. The obverse of one shows his image and name. Above centre reverse shows a carriage with servants in attendance, while in the lower half we see Süss in the hangman's tumbril accompanied by soldiers. Says the legend: "Such is your fate!"

In another version we see Jew Süss in a cage whose trap is about to be sprung. The marginal legend reads: "From this birdcage the villain Süss looks out."

Another butt of anti-Semitic excess was the so-called "corn-Jew," on which subject medals were minted from 1694 until as late as 1923.

In times of disaster such as war, flood, drought, hail, etc. the urban population saw the price of its staple foods rise and blamed the grain merchant, an early version of the black marketeer of World War II; the true causes of the price-rises were backward agricultural methods, inefficient stockpiling, and transportation. The Jew as middleman between town and country took the brunt of the hungry mob's wrath, which was expressed in hundreds of so-called "hunger medals," some of which even blamed the Jews for the absence of rain.

In one configuration we see a bearded Jew carrying a large bag of corn on which a small devil is seated, piercing the bag, wasting its contents. The legend reads "You corn Jew!" and "Hard Times 1694." The reverse side of this type of medal usually shows a bushel-measure; the inscriptions vary. One version quotes Proverbs 11.26: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." Another *cri de coeur* gives the prices of bread, mutton, beef, flour butter and beer.

A variation on this theme shows a Jew hanging from a tree, with a devil tightening the noose. On the reverse we read: "Poverty cries out/ The corn-yid laughs/thinking he has done well."

In yet another version we see a woman threatening a Jew with her fists. "Avarice is the root of all evil" reads the legend.

IN 1923, a time of massive inflation compared to which Aridor's mickey-mouse economics look like child's play, the corn-Jew, dormant for a century and a half, was revived. On the obverse we see a fat naked man with Jewish features sitting on a pile of corn. The legend reads: "Whether Jew or Christian, the usurer is a scoundrel." On the reverse we read: "Without doubt a person is sometimes another's devil." Its creator, one Fritz Hornlein, was at least even-handed.

Fire, which in 1711 and again in 1721 destroyed the Frankfurt ghetto, is a subject for rejoicing as well as revealing the hand of God. Rumour had it that Rabbi Naphtali Cohen had been experimenting with Kabbalistic formulas against such conflagrations. He was arrested but found innocent. The fire had its satisfactory side, since it was revealed that many promissory notes signed by Christians had been consumed by the flames. All the medals on this theme show burning buildings and desperate, escaping Jews.

One legend reads: "O fate, wonderful and lamentable! O, days of happiness and pain, since in Frankfurt am Main the Judengasse went up in flames."

Another version dwells on the miracle that Christian houses were spared, once more revealing that God was on the side of the angels and suggesting that, if only the Jews had converted to the true faith, they too would have escaped the disaster.

Yet another legend is worth quoting: "Jew! What use are tricks, your *shem hammephorascht* [the full name of God]. The *Malachesch* [Angel of fire] speaks. Humbug! Your lamentations won't catch me if you don't make *tschuba* [return to the true faith] and honour *Rab Ieschua* [Jesus]. You will perish in *esch* [fire] despite your many *battim* [houses]." It is interesting to note that Christian Wermuth, the creator of this medal, used terms he heard from Frankfurt Jews.

MEDALS OF DERISION minted in more recent, and therefore more enlightened, times, say from the end of the 19th century, are mainly dedicated to Stöcker, Ahlwardt and Puckler — all practising political anti-Semites in the best German tradition. They share the slogan "Hep! Hep!" *(Hierosalyma est perdita)*, often followed by "Jew perish!" or "Death to the Jews!" The Nazis incorporated this sentiment in their battle-cry of *"Deutschland erwache! Juda verrecke!"*

Legends vary: "A real German/ does not like Jews"; and "Courage reveals the Mameluk" (sic?); and "Chuzbe is a Jewish decoration."

In more recent times many medals were minted to celebrate the assassination of Kurt Eisner, a leader of the 1918 Munich *putsch* who became prime minister of Bavaria in November 1918 and was killed in February 1919 by a half-Jew, Count Arco Valley.

One version shows Eisner dancing with Lenin; another suggests that he was paid by the Allies to deliver Germany into a shameful peace. The Jews were blamed for Germany's defeat, which became later part of the "stab in the back" myth. But whatever the medals' ethical purpose or historical accuracy, those created by Kurt Götz are superb examples of the medallist's art.

Finally, a medal that brings us to 1939 and depicts a German soldier in a steel helmet with a Nazi emblem. The marginal legend reads "Germany fights for peace against the shameful Treaty of Versailles." On the reverse we see a bald "Streicher" Jew fronted by cannon shells and a well-filled purse. The legend asks: "Whom do our enemies fight for?"

Plus ça change...

THE OLD coin-dealer near the Ku-Damm eyed me suspiciously. No, *mein Herr*, that type of coin is no longer around, at least not in Germany. Maybe over there," he shrugged towards East Berlin. "I wouldn't know. Even if I did have one, and I assure you that I don't, I wouldn't be allowed to sell it to you."

When I protested that the law only applied to coins and medals with Nazi emblems or connotations, he shook his head. "It is time that all that was forgotten. It did not bring us much *mazel*, as you would call it.

"I have Palestinian coins from Mandatory days," he continued. "Very popular they are, investment-wise. But anti-Semitic medals, that's too delicate a question these days."

"Somebody must have bought them," I suggested.

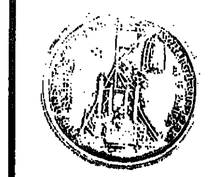
"Maybe the Jews. Numismatics are a good investment these days. The Jews have a nose for that." He chuckled at his own joke. Then he saw me to the door and with a short bow and a faint click of the heels, said goodbye.

MEANWHILE, back at the Institute for Contemporary History, the 12-part Palestinian odyssey from *Der Angriff* had been traced and copied. □

This is the first of two articles



The baptism medal, 1650.



Execution of Joseph Suss Oppenheimer, 1738.



The corn-Jew, minted in 1923.

(Collection of the Israel Museum Jerusalem)

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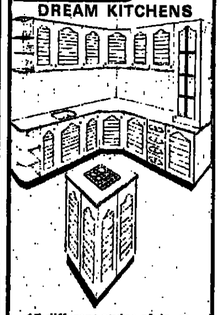
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WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

WHEN poor old Sam Jaffe died last week, all some Associated Press hack could find to say about him was that he "played Dr. Zorba in the *Ben Casey* television series in the early Sixties." Imagine! The versatile actor who gave us Doc Riedenschneider in *The Asphalt Jungle*, the centuries-old Luma in *Lost Horizon* and, unforgettably, *Gunga Din*, dismissed in one line.

Who can forget the humble water-carrier, "the regimental *bhisti*," blowing the Retreat with his dying breath to warn the regiment of the ambush laid by the hostile tribesmen —a scene that inspired a generation, not to mention the deathless line in the BBC radio show, *Beyond Our Ken*:

"Are you mad?" asks Kenneth Horne, "there is no such bugle call in this regiment as the Retreat."

"Then," says Kenneth Williams, playing a gay hussar, "sound the Advance backwards."

AS THE regiment buries Gunga Din, the colonel recites Kipling's lines:

Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din.

And the last frames of the movie show the *bhisti* superimposed on the sky, or rather Heaven, with a big grin on his face and, instead of his usual "piece o' twisty rag," resplendent in the crisp khaki-drill uniform he'd always longed to wear.

Of course, when I first saw the movie in 1939, I knew that Gunga Din was really just another Jewish actor in blackface, just as Kipling had explained:

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white inside.

Besides, the North-West Frontier was heavily populated by Jews in those days. Chota, the leader of the hostile tribesmen, was played by Abner Biberman, a reliable heavy who gave a remarkable impersonation of *shish kebab* when a lancer ran him down in the last reel. Pandro S. Berman produced the movie, Ben Hecht wrote the script, and even two of Kipling's Soldiers Three were played by part-Jews: Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Somewhere further up the Khyber, Leonid Kinskey had attempted to convince *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* audiences, to whom he was utterly familiar as the Russian waiter in innumerable comedies, that he charmed snakes for a living.

Mind you, there would have been no difficulty in finding a *minyan* in the Hindu Kush, the Pamirs or the Himalayas in the 19th century. Gottlieb Wilhelm Leitner was one of the first white men to explore Chitral, Hunza and Gilgit. When he undertook this dangerous mission in 1866 he was outfitted only with a brace of pistols and, I regret to say, three jars of most un-kosher Bovril. Later, Sir Aurel Stein made his way over the Roof of the World as far as Chinese Turkestan, to be followed by Elias Ney who explored the Pamirs, the Karakorams, and Sinkiang and then travelled as far west as Badakhshan.

Forty years before a Jewish viceroy, Rufus Isaacs, Lord Reading, arrived in Simla, Lurgan Sahib was there preparing *Kim* for the Great Game. Kipling based this character on A. N. Jacob, "a black-bearded man with a green shade over his eyes," a sort of premature Mossadnik whose cover was the curio shop he opened in Simla in 1871.

You may remember Mad Carew — the subaltern hero of Milton Hayes' dramatic monologue — who "was worshipped in the ranks, and the Colonel's daughter smiled on him as well." This headstrong, foolish girl put him up to pinching the Green Eye of the Little Yellow God for her birthday present and then decided she didn't want it after all, and poor Carew didn't know what to do with "the jewel he had chanced his life to get." I did. Every time I heard the monologue I felt like shouting, "Take it to Lurgan Sahib, you blithering idiot, and hock it!"

TO TOP it all, a couple of years ago some senior officials in the Ministry of Absorption and the Jewish Agency began calling for the repatriation of the Pathans from Afghanistan and the North-West Frontier, advancing all sorts of reasons entirely unconnected with Abner Biberman to prove that they are descended from the Lost Ten Tribes. Apparently there are certain correspondences between Pushtu and Hebrew, the Pathans practise a sort of *kashrut* and, since they are currently suffering from the delusion that they are Moslems, poor dears, they are already circumcised.

This is very difficult for me to come to terms with. For despite a number of my classmates at the Manchester Jews School having darker complexions than yer average native and despite our *shul*'s bearded dignitaries resembling—in their *yarmulkas*, *kittels* and *tallisim* — a *jirga* of tribal elders rather than pukka sahibs, we still identified the Pathan as the enemy.

After all, I'd seen at least a dozen films about the North-West Frontier; I'd not only read Henty, Westerman and Yeats-Brown but also devoured that seminal *Wizard* series, "The Wolf of Kabul"; and I'd practically memorized the backs of the Player's cigarette-card series, "Military Uniforms of the British Empire (Overseas)." Moreover, practically every week we were treated to a newsreel of the latest biplanes, Hawker Harts or Westland Wapitis, strafing mountain villages when the Fakir of Ipi was being especially tiresome.

WORST OF ALL, the "natives" didn't play the Game in the manner rhymed by Sir Henry Newbolt in *Vitai Lampada* or by Grantland Rice's One Great Scorer, and their manners were frequently deplorable. I must in all fairness, though, admit that just as we were unacquainted with the Pathan Book of Etiquette they in their turn were flummoxed by the illogicalities of the Sahibs' code, a point made in 1968's *Carry On Up the Khyber*:

The Khasi of Kalabar is furious ("I spit on their British phlegm") because the governor and his lady continue dining to the strains of a string orchestra and indulging in small talk ("I *must* go to the Khasi." "Well, you should have gone before tiffin") while the besieged residency is being blown to smithereens around them.

"Just put the milk in before the tea," the Khasi tells Bunghit Din bitterly, "and they go berserk."

This may have been a literary allusion to a truly horrible bit in Maj.-Gen. Dunsterville's autobiography that quite literally made my gorge rise. A fellow-officer in the 20th Punjabis, an Afridi, arranged for them to have tea with a tribal chief during a truce. "My friend emptied the tea-leaves out of the pot into a saucer," Dunsterville wrote, "sprinkled them with sugar and offered them to the Mahsud, who ate them with great gusto."

THEN, TOO, the Pathan *tals* — Afridis, Mohmands, Wazirs, Mahsuds, Khataks, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all —tended to favour abrupt solutions to practically any problem, unlike the Holy Law synagogue literary and debating society. Pathan discussions were usually terminated in short order with a long-barrelled *jezail*, a razor-sharp *tulwar* or the phial of poison they habitually carried up their wide sleeves; there was none of that "On a point of order, Mr. Chairman" stuff that we'd so laboriously learned.

Lionel Dunsterville, the original of Kipling's *Stalky* (which has just finished a run on Israel TV's children's programme), tells of enquiring after a Pathan *havildar* who had been pensioned off from the regiment — presumably because these precursors of Kalanterism frequently changed sides — and expressing his shock on discovering that he had been shot by his only son.

"Don't take it to heart," said his informant. "You see, he was an only son himself and *he* shot *his* father."

Slavery was as common as homicide in the Hindu Kush and, in fact, it still crops up in Pakistan and India. In 1979, for example, the first secretary was discovered to be keeping a slave in the garage of the Indian High Commission in London. In the remoter valleys of the Frontier, men were the unit of currency. A hunting dog cost one male slave, for example, and a sturdy pony might fetch two females, "preferably fair and fourteen." You can practically hear the haggling:

"How much do you want for that Lee-Metford rifle?"

"Three maidens."

"I'll give you two and a very small boy."

IN THE DAYS when Afghans and their ilk were rather less fashionable than they are today, Kipling described another of their unattractive habits:

When you're lying half-dead on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come down to cut up the remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
And go to your God like a soldier.

If anything, they are even more horrid today. One of the English Sunday colour supplements recently published a photograph of a group of Afghan rebels camping near the skeleton of some poor Russian conscript. It was clear that they had no intention of giving the pathetic bundle of bones a decent burial.

During the century-long struggle with the Raj, it was sometimes possible to discern a Pathan version of sportsmanship, even though this was distorted as though seen in a fun-fair mirror. In one skirmish, for instance, it is a matter of record that when the tribesmen noticed that the British troops were aiming badly, one of them stood up "as if he were the marker on a firing range" and signalled to them to raise their rifle sights.

This attitude was also apparent at a *jirga* held to impose a peace settlement on the Afridis in 1908 when one of their leaders demanded that the political agent acknowledge that they'd fought well and then followed this up with a demand that they be issued the same campaign medal as the army.

I must admit that this does sound suspiciously like Jewish *hutzpa*.

THERE IS another side to the Pathans, however. I would much rather avoid discussing it but, facing as we are the prospect of *aliya* from the North-West Frontier, I feel I cannot in all conscience avoid this unpleasant duty.

I trust it may be a work of supererogation to warn you against the grosser forms of immorality. The fact is, to use the currently acceptable jargon, the Pathans are notoriously confused about their sexual identity. Indeed, they show a cavalier and extraordinarily catholic ambivalence of the sort once attributed to Gandhi, who is reputed to have said to his aide,

"Please bring me a maid.
Or a goat, or whatever is handy."

Here we come to the crunch of the matter. Who needs, now of all times, twenty million impetuous Pushtu-speaking poofters arriving on our doorstep? Not only are they murderously inclined but, after studying their photographs, I wouldn't put it past them to vote the straight Agudat Yisrael ticket.

HISTORIANS AGREE that one of the causes of the First Afghan War was that the British officers of Macnaghten's mission in Kabul were too flagrant in accepting the favours of neglected Afghan wives. The result of all this slap and tickle was that of a 16,000-strong army that began the retreat to India in 1842, only one survivor, an army surgeon, reached Jallalabad. You can see Lady Butler's painting of Dr. Brydon in the Tate Gallery.

Colonel William Lockhart suffered a fate worse that death when he tried to incorporate Kafiristan into India's defences against the Russian threat in 1885 and was advised to make a blood-brother of Gumara, a tribal leader who was reputed to have killed 29 men. To Lockhart's surprise and indignation, the ceremony did not follow the stereotyped mingling of blood from cuts in the arm. Instead, according to John Keay's *The Gilgit Game*, "Lockhart's coat and shirt were hastily torn open, yak butter was rubbed on his left nipple and... Gumara sucked like a vampire as the colonel winced in pain."

There was no false modesty about these goings-on. Pathan regiments marched to the famous Pushtu song, *The Wounded Heart*. "There's a boy across the river with a bottom like a peach," 800 voices would roar in unison, "but, alas, I cannot swim."

NEXT TO the Gurkhas, the British loved their Pathan troops most of all. I had thought that this was because they admired the martial races of India— the Dogras, Rajputs and Sikhs, for example— for their sheer ferocity. After all, in 1898, Captain Bertie Clay had invented his horrid expanding bullet at Dum Dum, Calcutta, just to stop the otherwise unstoppable Pathans.

Now I'm not so sure.

Some time ago, the *Wall Street Journal* visited the officers' mess of a Pakistani regiment. Drinks were served by Geba Khan, first mess sergeant, who had enlisted in 1910. At 87, the paper reported, he must be one of the oldest soldiers anywhere. The *Journal* asked Geba Khan what the British officers used to do in the evenings half a century ago.

"Play bridge, sir," Geba Khan replied.

"Oh, tell him what else," one of the Pakistani officers interrupted.

"Sodomy, sir."

THE TWO ugliest things in India, Lady Curzon, the American-born vicereine, is reputed to have said, "are a water buffalo and a British soldier dressed in his white uniform." A combination of these two *bêtes noires*, if that's the term, would have given the former Miss Leiter (formerly of Chicago and formerly Jewish) the vapours, but such amalgamations sometimes occurred.

Spike Milligan, of *Goon* fame, who was born in Ahmednagar and grew up in the military cantonments at Poona, once appeared on the BBC-TV series *Tales of the Raj* and told of a young British Other Ranker "desperately in need of sex" who ravished a sacred cow.

At his trial, the prosecution opened the case by saying "on the day of the alleged offence, my client was grazing contentedly in the field". The case was dismissed, however, said Milligan, when the defence cast aspersions on the plaintiff's character by pointing out that "the cow had been cited in a previous case." □

(Next: Never accept a drink from a urologist)

The operatic style



BEGIN: A Biography by Eric Silver. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 284 pp. £12.50

Michael Elkins

FOR 11 years from 1972, Eric Silver was the correspondent in Israel for *The Guardian* and *The Observer*. He has now been posted to India. He is a very good journalist, and his skill is evident in this book; it is well-written, informative, thoroughly researched, balanced.

Interviewed on the eve of his departure, Silver told *The Jerusalem Post* that "I don't suppose that Begin will like the book. But I hope that he will respect it. I hope that he will think it "fair."

I don't know what Mr. Begin may think, but I found it to be fair — and, on occasion, more than fair — to its controversial subject. However, in this country and at this time, "fair" to many people is "foul," and it is probable that the book will irritate the theologians at both extremes of our political spectrum - - the Begin-idolaters and the Begin-demonologists.

Silver has the good journalist's clear and succinct style; and very welcome it is in these days when authors apparently get paid by the page, and it requires the muscles of a weightlifter to hold their products at reading distance. He also has the good writer's gift for the memorable metaphor, the apt phrase and significant incident.

THE FIRST chapter is headed "Born unto Zion," which itself tells us a lot about how Silver views Begin's life of total dedication to the Jewish people and the Jewish nation. The first sentence reads: "Menachem Begin is the most consistent of men — in his beliefs, in his objectives and in his personal mythology." That, too, tells us how Silver sees Begin. And one must keep in mind those two words "personal mythology," for a good deal of the book is an exploration of that seedbed of personal experience (or of the former prime minister's memories or fantasies concerning such experience) from which Begin's *Weltanschauung* has germinated.

To cite an example: Silver quotes two varying accounts of Ze'ev Dov Begin, the tough, proud, courageous father who so profoundly influenced Menachem Begin. The first is that of the son:

"We were told that he was drowned in the river Bug together with five hundred other Jews. They were taken to the river and machinegun fire was opened on them from both sides... As secretary of the Jewish community, my father went first. We were told that at his initiative the Jews started to sing *Hatikva* and also *Ani Ma'amin*. And so he died."

In an interview with *The Jerusalem Post* cited by Silver, Begin's sister Rachel Halperin dismisses this account as *maisses* (folk tales). She says:

"What I know, what my friends in Brisk told me, is that the Germans passed a law forbidding Jews from burying their dead. My father went to bury a Jew in the cemetery...and a German soldier killed him on the spot."

"Both versions are heroic enough and clearly in character," Silver writes. "Ze'ev Dov was not a man to go quietly to the gas chamber." But his point is that of the two heroic versions, "Menachem favours the more operatic of them."

"OPERATIC." Wonderful. The exact and significant word. Menachem Begin would always choose the "operatic version" of anything, of everything. He was the most theatrical of our prime ministers. But the theatre in which he performed throughout his career was that of the classic opera, with all its artificiality, its exaggeration, its excesses of drama and comedy, of tragedy and triumph, with most of it over-acted, and nothing underplayed. That was Begin's style. That was Begin. (Should I be saying *is* instead of *was*? Will Begin prove to be a Once and Future King? It seems entirely unlikely, but nothing is impossible...in opera. And it indicates the message of the man that the very thought of such a return makes the political ground about us tremble. His return would be operatic. Were it to happen, would it not be seen as vintage Begin?).

He once said that "the mainspring" of all that he and his generation had done was shaped by the Holocaust. Silver quotes him:

"The defenselessness of the Jews was the real scourge of our life... That was the prime mover. And to make sure that the Jewish State is secure, that the borders are unbreakable, that the land is unconquerable. That is the second prime mover of all our actions, when we were in opposition and now in government."

Well, fair enough; and not only for Begin and his supporters. "No postwar Zionist would dispute that thesis," Silver writes, and adds:

"Where some did differ was over Begin's application of it, the identification of all Israel's enemies with the Nazis, the invocation of the Holocaust to justify denying the national aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs. There were times when Begin risked devaluing the horror of the Jewish tragedy and in the process gave Israel's critics a pretext for breaking the taboo and throwing the imagery of the Final Solution back in his face."

Back in all our faces, indeed. The words "holocaust" and "genocide" were used to describe Israeli actions during the war in Lebanon. And the fact that many who did use such terms needed no "pretext" does not diminish the validity of Silver's observation. For they were used also by representatives of the Western media who were not incorrigibly anti-Israeli.

THERE IS a curious passage in Silver's discussion of Begin's attitude toward Germany. He documents that in pre-Nazi times Begin's father was an enthusiastic Germanophile; and then he wonders whether Begin's indiscriminate hostility to all things German and all Germans of any generation "would have been quite so intense if Ze'ev Dov had not set such great store by Germany." Silver asks: "Was the son perpetuating the pain of the father's disappointment?"

It would appear more reasonable to suggest that the son was "perpetuating the pain" of his father's death, the deaths also of his entire family save himself and his sister, and of six million European Jews. Their slaughter, Silver himself writes earlier, "... stamped Begin with an abiding hatred of all things German."

And if other Jews who suffered equally in the Holocaust nevertheless maintain — as very many do — a more selective and reasoned hatred than Begin's, isn't this rather to be ascribed to the conjunction of the enormity of the Holocaust *and* this man's excess and extremism in all matters touching the *core* of his being, the *core* of his beliefs and of his "personal mythology"?

Silver correctly characterizes Begin as a "man of selective compassion for whom Jewish lives are sacred." Begin's entire life substantiates this.

Even in 1944-45 — during the notorious *Saison*, when Hagana members tried to hunt down Begin and his followers in a violent effort to destroy the Irgun — Begin forbade a violent response. Silver observes: "Begin opted for restraint... it was an unpopular policy to impose...As early as November 1944, [Begin] drafted strong and explicit instructions to his men — 'Do not raise a hand and do not use arms against Hebrew youths.' "

(Note: Silver quotes from Moshe Sneh's account of the *Saison* published in the official *History of the Hagana*. Sneh, the commander of the Hagana at that time, states categorically that "no institution of the Hagana ever decided about the *Saison* and no institution of the Hagana was ordered to implement the *Saison*." The decisions, according to Sneh's account, were taken by the Zionist Actions Committee and the Histadrut Council. "The Hagana did not undertake this thing," said Sneh. "There were people who were mobilized on a personal basis for the *Saison*.")

In 1944, Jews were kidnapping and beating up Begin's followers, and the very existence of his Irgun was threatened. Yet he would not allow the Irgun a violent response even then, and even in self-defence.

In 1948, when Ben-Gurion ordered the Hagana to shell the *Altalena*, Begin again prevented a violent response on the part of the Irgun commanders.

WE COME now to the events of January 7th 1952, when the Knesset was debating whether to authorize Ben-Gurion to begin negotiations with the Federal Republic of Germany on reparations for the Holocaust.

One block away, at Zion Square, a crowd of perhaps as many as 15,000 people stood in driving rain to hear Begin's passionate denunciation of the proposed negotiations.

Silver quotes from *The Jerusalem Post's* account the next day:

"Midway through his harangue, Mr. Begin pulled a note from his pocket, held it aloft dramtically and said: "I have not come here to inflame you, but this note which has just been handed to me states that the police have grenades which contain gas made in Germany — the same gas which was used to kill your fathers and mothers."'

In his understated way, Silver wryly comments that "The reference to German gas seems to have been a classic case of Begin's carelessness with facts. Whatever its national origin, tear-gas is not the same as Zyklon-B, but the allusion served its purpose."

Then Begin recalled his restraint during the *Altalena* episode:

"When you fired at us with cannon, I gave an order: 'No!' Today I shall give the order: 'Yes!' This will be a battle of life and death....Freedom and death, there is no way back!"

And with that battle-cry, Begin marched on the Knesset.

"The mob followed," Silver writes. "Violence surged in the streets of Jerusalem for two hours, *The Jerusalem Post* reported."

Two hours later, the government called the army in to suppress the riot; by then 92 policemen and 36 civilians had been injured.

The violence of Jew against Jew that Begin — even under extreme provocation — was not prepared to countenance in 1944 and 1948, he actually incited in 1952. The question is: "Why?".

Silver does not go into it but I suggest that the reason behind the 1952 violence was that the hated Germans and the Holocaust were involved — the well-known "mainspring" of all Begin has done, the essence of his "personal mythology."

I KNOW that I have not done full justice to Silver's extremely useful book. I have said nothing about his insights into the *Rashomon* accounts of Begin's role at Camp David. I have said nothing about his exploration of Begin and the war in Lebanon, or of his account of those fateful and tragic events that brought about Begin's resignation and his self-imposed seclusion.

Even though Silver has fresh facts, and his own individual viewpoint, much has been written already about those events, and I am cramped by the old convention that does not permit the reviewer to write a review as long as the book he is discussing.

I'll conclude with two passages from Silver's study. The first is a quotation from Eliahu Ben-Elissar's address to Likud party workers during the 1977 election campaign:

"Gentlemen, I want to present to you, and then through you, the face of the country under Likud rule, under the rule of Menachem Begin. It will be a beautiful country, a country where it will be a pleasure and an honour to live. A country where there will be no desire to go on strike, where a person will be ashamed to steal. There will be respect between Jew and Jew..."

With the scond passage, Silver ends his book:

"In the autumn of 1983...Israelis [were] soberly aware of their limitations as well as their strengths. That was not the legacy the sixth Prime Minister had meant to leave his people, but it was one worth cherishing." □

Underworld

OUR GANG: Jewish Crime and the New York Jewish Community, 1900-1940 by Jenna Weissman Joselit. Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 209 pp. $9.95 (paperback edition).

Charles Hoffman

IF ASKED to name some famous New York Jewish gangsters from the pre-World War II period, most people would throw out names like "Legs" Diamond (the bootlegger) or Arnold Rothstein (the underworld Czar). But as this book effectively points out, these men were "Jewish gangsters" in name only. They had nothing to do with the crime that was part and parcel of the Jewish immigrant experience in the early part of the century.

Jewish immigrants and crime? Yes indeed. An appropriate subtitle for the book could have been "The bad side of the East Side" — the Lower East Side of Manhattan where masses of immigrant Jews from Europe found their first foothold in the New World. If you still cherish a nostalgic image of the Lower East Side, the book will introduce you to characters such as "Big Jack" Zelig, pick-pocket turned gunman, "Mother Rosie" Hertz, the richest madam in the city and "Dopey Benny" Fein, labour racketeer.

These were Jewish criminals in the full sociological sense of the term, rooted in the everyday social and economic life of the immigrant community. The later generations of Jewish gangsters, such as those who ran Murder, Inc., operated outside this framework and belonged to the wider underworld scene.

The author concludes that Jewish crime rooted in the immigrant community "was a one-generation phenomenon... As they left the physical boundaries of that experience behind, second-generation Jews left as well its social pathologies and economic dislocations." □

هكذا من الأصل

A laugh is just a smile with a hole in it



Guffaws, giggles, chuckles and chortles will come under scientific scrutiny when the Fourth International Congress on Humour opens in Tel Aviv in June. No kidding; a hundred papers will be delivered, plus many more at the First Colloquium on Jewish Humour.

Jewish jocularity will be well represented by Ephraim Kishon, who will discuss "Is There An Original Israeli Humour, And If So Why Not?", while American columnist Art Buchwald delves into the technical side with his scholarly treatise "Can Humour Survive a Conference On Humour?" If you so much as smiled at that, perhaps the answer is 'Yes'.

Other themes that *could* be studied include "Bolivian Whimsy: A Study", "The Effects Of Arm Wrestling On President Reagan's Funnybone", "How to Grin With A Sore On Your Lip", and "The Banana Peel In Victorian England". There will be a demonstration against sarcasm, and a ban on bad jokes.

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Fiction factory

Dora Sowden

IN THE mass production of novels what is astonishing is how well written and well devised they are — as well as being geared to popular demand.

Johanna Lindsey's novels **Glorious Angel** (Avon, New York, 313 pp., $3.50) and **So Speaks the Heart** (Avon, 258pp., $3.95) are her fifth and sixth, with another promised — and the cover says they are "best selling," at five million copies to date.

The fifth heroine is a rags-to-riches beauty in the final days of the Civil War — but there is only a rumbling of history and of north-south antagonisms. The complications are misunderstandings, mistimings, misconceptions, misadventures, mainly of the heart. Glorious angel Angela is three times threatened with rape and for a time there is a scare that her love for the hero (a sort of Gone-with-the-Wind Rhett) may be incestuous, but it all comes glorious in the end.

For **So Speaks the Heart** the author goes back to 972 CE, but not so that you notice it much — except that the main transport is by horses. The heroine is a highborn Cinderella with a wicked step aunt. The complications are lies, bad temper, jealousy and kidnapping. The solution comes through a long-lost identical twin being restored to his rightful heritage and lineage.

VALERIE SHERWOOD also turns them out in quantity. Her **Bold Breathless Love** (Warner, New York, 572pp, $3.95) is her fifth and her **Rich Radiant Love** (Warner, 572pp., $3.95) is her eighth novel but is actually a sequel to the other.

The romance of the breathtakingly beautiful mother is followed by the adventures of the radiantly lovely daughter. The period is the 17th century, when there were still pirates on the seas and when New York started as New Amsterdam, changed to New Orange and then back to New York as it passed from Dutch to British hands.

History, however, has only a slight place in the many hazards and events in the mother's story of the 1630's and the daughter's in the 1670's. Imogene, born in the Scilly Islands, gets pregnant but marries a Dutch American who turns out to be sadistic and impotent. Georgiana meets her trials and tribulations along a tortuous path between Bermuda and New York. The writing is sometimes very good and always readable, even when the stories are too far-fetched.

CLYDE M. BRUNDY'S **Call Up the Morning** (Avon, 534pp., $3.50) is yet another sally into the early American scene — timed at the turn of the century when a woman organizing secretary was unusual, when sheep farmers needed protection against cattlemen, and when polygamy had only just been made illegal among Mormons.

Part of the story involves a "sealed village" where Mormon's sent their extra wives. A character from real life touches on the tale here and there but there is more Wild West than history in this romance, which begins with lightning and ends with a forest fire. The adventures include panning for gold, fighting fraudulent officials, pioneering in virgin forest and finding the man who can "call up the morning" for the heroine. In fact, it travels enjoyably.

If you can believe that cousins can look so much alike that one can masquerade for the other, Jocelyn Carew's **Pavilion of Passion** (Avon, 314pp., $2.95) may seem a possible adventure. In the late 19th century, Louis Napoleon is emperor of France and Valletta Finch goes to Paris to appear as her cousin Lady Maura Thorne who needs a cover for her affair with a married general. The look-alikes are both caught in the Paris mob uprising when the Germans defeat the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Valetta is rescued by her lover who has twice previously rescued her from dungerous situations; but true love, as usual, has its hurdles. Unnecessary details in the love scenes, which have become a commonplace in all today's fiction, are plentiful here too — but as it all ends in marriage, everyone is happy.

THERE IS a Jane Austen charm about Joanna Watkins Bourne's **Her Ladyship's Companion** (Avon, 221pp., $2.75), though it is also a story of murder and menace. Melissa Rivenwood is a foundling believed to be French because she spoke a few words of French when discovered on a doorstep. Brought up by an English clergyman she is forced into school teaching when he dies. Finding the rigours of the school distasteful, she gets a job as a lady's companion and that is where the story really begins. The period is allegedly early 19th century, the setting a Cornish mansion.

Julie Keitges in **Dawn and Vengeance** (Avon, 313pp., $2.95) slowly details all the thoughts, reactions, affairs and desires of a young American woman who samples love, tastes adventure, goes to South America and works out her destiny through frustration and death. An air of cruziness hangs over most of her life, but it is well observed, well perceived — and well told.

Chelsea Quinn Yarboro attempts blood-curdling in **The Forsaken** (Warner, 393pp., $3.95). Being the author of four other terror books, she should have known better. Her description of 16th century Spanish royal behaviour, though fictitious, could be credible if it were not so loaded with footling dialogue. Her account of Spanish court intrigue could have been acceptable if it hadn't been spoilt with nonsense about the heir to the throne turning into a wolf when there's a full moon. Though charming and compassionate at other times, he carries this curse. The convincing passages in the story are about sinister members of the Inquisition and their practices, but these are not sufficient to save the silly story.

FOR A modern, up-to-the-minute story, there is Judy Feifer's **Lovecrazy** (Avon Flare, 141pp., $2.25).

The publishers indicate that their "Flare Original" novels are intended for young adults, and this one is in the sassy style allegedly favoured by the young. Feifer herself must, according to the biographical data, be in her 50s, but she pursues this style relentlessly.

The story is told in the first person by a teenager who begins, "Me, I'm irresistible." She and her best friend decide to seduce each other's divorced father in order to bring home to them the error of their ways. There is a hint that they are all Jewish but nobody in the story seems to care about that — and nor will the reader. □

War and heroines

Michelle Cameron

WHILE THERE have been excellent, heart-touching novels written about the Jewish experience before, during and after World War II, there are also authors who misuse one of the most thrilling backgrounds available.

Take Leona Blair's *A Woman's Place*, for example. Naomi marries Arnold, despite the fact that it's really his brother, Joshua, whom she loves.

Joshua refuses to give up his dreams of settling in Palestine; she refuses to go with him. In a fit of pique, Naomi settles for second best — and everyone suffers from it in the end.

The story shuttles back and forth from New York, and Arnold's cosmetics empire, to Palestine and to Europe.

The oversimplified view of history that Leona Blair's novel gives us — as our attention is mainly given over to Naomi's woes — is correct, but lacks both richness and a true sense of understanding.

Not so Marcelle Bernstein's *Sadie*. Set in Manchester, it's fully congnizant of the Jewish rituals and insularism of that time — something which the heroine flouts, upon announcing her engagement to a gentile.

Instead, her mother maneuvers her into a rich match with a highly suitable Jewish boy. Sadie's blissful marriage to Asher is cut short by an accident. Pregnant and penniless, Sadie turns to another gentleman for support — and enters into a passionless, tepid marriage that irks her beyond all things. Naturally, a woman of Sadie's temperament cannot endure this for long, and off she goes to New York. While working there, she is reunited with her first love, the gentile Nathanial, and with no one to stop her, Sadie marries him, and they live happily for a time.

Living in the south of France just before the Nazi occupation, they help endangered Jews — until he is captured and dies in prison. Sadie, once again manless, falls in love for the final time — with the unhappy Nazi officer who does what he can to help her.

At least, Miss Bernstein takes the trouble to link her heroine's tale to the history taking place about her. This much more skillfully told story has its lapses — including the bewildering transitions between highly stylized and less formal *speech — but it does keep the* reader's attention for the span of the novel. □

A WOMAN'S PLACE by Leona Blair. Great Britain, Arrow Books. 397 pp. £2.25

SADIE by Marcelle Bernstein. London, Victor Gollancz Ltd. 412 pp. £8.95.

BIOGRAPHIES and autobiographies of famous film people are rarely known for their stylistic quality. These books are written, published and purchased with content (the inside scoop) solely in mind. *Peekaboo, The Story of Veronica Lake*, reflects this attitude in spades.

Veronica Lake was a "paranoid schizophrenic," apparently from birth. She believed herself incapable of loving or being loved. Her rise to stardom during World War II was due to the fact that she was 5' 1" tall and the only girl her studio had under contract who was shorter than Alan Ladd. Together they made Hollywood's most successful romantic team during the war years, and Lake's "peekaboo" hairstyle was imitated by an entire generation of American women. Lake's rapid descent into alcoholic oblivion and death at 51 is chronicled in detail here.

"NO PART seemed beyond my reach. Whatever leading role was to be cast, I was every producer's first choice." With such self-effacement does Sir Michael Redgrave bestow selective recollections in his autobiography, *In My Mind's Eye*. Many scandalous stories concerning Redgrave's living arrangement with his wife, Rachel, and various lovers under the same roof while raising their three children, have been circulating for years. Daughter Vanessa has reflected in public on the unusual nature of her upbringing, but her father's autobiography sheds no light on strange tales. *In My Mind's Eye* is the story of a gentleman actor's professional life.

Redgrave writes with competence but no excitement about the acting family he was born into and the actor he became. He graduated from Cambridge and performed at the Old Vic with the likes of Alec Guiness and a not so young Edith Evans (with whom he had an affair with his wife's knowledge). By accurate self-definition a stage actor, Redgrave nevertheless managed to find time for some 50 films, including *The Lady Vanishes, The Importance of Being Earnest, Mourning Becomes Electra* and *The Go-Between*.



Some of Hollywood's British community in the thirties: Brian Aherne, Ronald Colman David Niven and Nigel Bruce. Tom Hutchinson's "Niven's Hollywood" (Macmillan, £10.95) covers the late actor's career in a series of informal photographs of the stars at work and play. Beginning with Niven's first appearance as an extra in 1934, Hutchinson describes the extravagant, carefree life of a vanished era and pays tribute to "a cheerful and indomitable optimist," surprised at his own luck.

Tinseltown tattle

PEEKABOO, The Story of Veronica Lake by Jeff Lenburg. New York, St. Martin's Press. 253 pp. $14.95.

IN MY MIND'S EYE, An Autobiography by Michael Redgrave. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 256 pp. £9.95.

BABY DOLL by Carroll Baker. New York, Arbor House. 305 pp. $15.95.

JANE FONDA by Thomas Kiernan. London, Granada. 368 pp. £3.25.

SUSAN'S STORY by Susan Hampshire. London, Sphere. 181 pp. £2.95.

CAGNEY by Doug Warren. London, Robson. 239 pp. £8.95.

Richard Penniman

"MY ENTIRE existence, for as long as I could remember, had been controlled by chauvinistic men: from a strict father to mad Louis Ritter, to power-oriented studio executives and producers, to my cripplingly submissive relationship with Jack Garfein. Only never had I been able fully to express my own personality."

This is an accurate reflection of Carroll Baker's life from her autobiography, *Baby Doll*, which is a no-holds-barred punch-out with Hollywood's star-making machine as it existed until the late '60s. *Baby Doll* is also a painful commentary on Baker's marriage to director Jack Garfein, a survivor of Auschwitz who (in Baker's eyes) "was suspicious of everyone — everyone's motives. A suggestion sounds like a compromise, a compromise like a threat."

Carroll Baker left the famed Actors Studio for leading roles in such films as *Giant, Baby Doll, The Carpetbaggers, How The West Was Won, Cheynne Autumn*, and the ill-fated *Harlow*. In time-honoured fashion she succumbed to the devil's bargain of self-respect for stardom and suffered the obligatory nervous breakdowns. An eventually successful lawsuit against Paramount made Baker a wealthy woman, and divorce from Garfein freed her to "take the reins" of her life in her own hands.

Baker moved through her world at a breakneck pace. Her autobiography moves almost as fast.

"THIS IS NOT just a book about a movie star. Nor is it one about a controversial political activist. It is the story of a complex woman who appears to want dearly to become an immortal heroine in real life as well as on the screen, and who has a good chance of succeeding."

That's Thomas Kiernan's blurb prefacing his biography of actress Jane Fonda. Kiernan's judgment of his own writing is fair enough, but his stated belief in Fonda's future is ridiculous.

When Jane Fonda was 12 years old, her mother committed suicide by slitting her throat; some months later Jane's 10-year-old brother, Peter, shot a bullet through his liver and for four weeks wavered between life and death in an intensive-care ward. Jane's famous father, Henry, portrayed men of few words, masked emotions and steely-eyed determination on the screen. These traits carried over into his real-life role as a father. The one, overt emotion Henry seemed willing (or able) to display towards his daughter was anger. The high voltage traumas of her mother's suicide and her brother's near-suicide, together with the continuing absence of love from her father, severely crippled Jane Fonda's inner life. She desperately needed approbation from any quarter, but, until the possibility of acting arose when she was 21, such approval was not forthcoming. In 1959 her friend Brooke Hayward said, "Acting gave her the kind of applause she never got as a human being. I've never seen ambition as naked as Jane's."

1984 finds the world well-acquainted with Jane Fonda as a multiple Oscar winner, a health enthusiast and an anti-nuclear-energy campaigner.

ACTRESS Susan Hampshire's *Susan's Story* is not your typical show-biz autobiography. It is mainly the story of a brave woman who suffered from dyslexia (word blindness) since childhood and overcame it. Hampshire's fame, which derives from her starring roles in many BBC classic serials (*The Forsyte Saga, The Pallisers, The Barchester Chronicles*, etc.) has allowed her to alert legions of her admirers to the fact that 12 per cent of the British population suffer from the same learning disability. Her most sincere desire is to give hope to the parents of dyslexic children and the children themselves through her very stubborn and courageous example.

THE authorized biography of a real movie star, the kind they don't make any more, *Cagney*, by Doug Warren, treats actor James Cagney with the kid gloves that were once reserved for such American saints as Alvin York and Lou Gehrig. Even the peanut farmer from Plains, Georgia, confessed to having lustful thoughts. But not *this* Jimny C. Cagney. He starred opposite many a vivacious lady on the Warner Bros. lot, but, according to author Warren, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, Loretta Young, Bette Davis, Olivia DeHavilland, Ann Sheridan and a host of lovely others never aroused so much as a cerebral flicker in the famous man's mind. James Cagney has been happily married to the same woman for the past 60 years and that's that.

The interesting part of this book dwells on the time before Cagney was famous. He was a rough boy in a tough neighbourhood who settled differences of opinion with his fists. His father was an alcoholic and no doubt this was why Cagney was one of the very few Irishmen in Hollywood who didn't drink heavily. He entered show business feet first and he preferred dancing to acting throughout his career.

Too much of *Cagney* is padded with the plot outlines of his films. But Cagney himself was a cinematic marvel and his presence on each page overrides the somewhat pedestrian delivery. □

Linguistic larceny

A DICTIONARY OF EUPHEMISMS AND OTHER DOUBLETALK by Hugh Rawson. London, Macdonald. 312 pp. £6.95.

David Brauner

EUPHEMISMS little linguistic sidesteps, are so commonplace in our speech that most of us don't realize that we are using them. They smooth out the rough realities in life.

Before going any further, I offer my apologies to readers who take umbrage at my use of offensive words. But in a discussion of euphemisms, the mention of verbal no-nos is unavoidable. The irony is that words which are today considered obscene began life themselves as euphemisms. For example, whore, which in polite circles has been replaced by the soft-sounding, Latinate prostitute, was apparently itself once a euphemism for a word long since lost to us.

For the most part, euphemisms are quite harmless, just the pulling of the verbal wool over our own eyes. It's only natural to make light of life's miseries. To call diarrhea or dysentery such alliterative names as the Cairo crud, Delhi belly, Rangoon runs or Bronxville bomb will at least bring a wan smile to the face of the poor sufferer from Montezuma's revenge.

Honest work is another sore point which we like to smooth over with highfalutin job titles. So barbers become "tonsorial artists" and hospital elevator operators are members of the "Vertical Transportation Corps." The sound of physician has lent its stature not only to beautician and mortician, but also to the lesser fizzician (soda jerk) and, of course, the whooptician (cheerleader).)

CRIME, at the other end of the spectrum of human endeavour, has also spawned its fair share of circumlocution and doubletalk. When we as kids spoke of stealing, we most commonly referred to it as "five-finger discount," or sometimes we just "appropriated" things. Gangster movies and "The Untouchables" TV series built up our vocabularies with such innocuous phrases as "rub out," "hit man" and "put out a contract on," all to do with murder. Later on, we might have been offered a "fix" or a "drag" by those who "did" drugs.

Euphemisms have the effect of distancing ourselves from the distasteful, and the most distasteful part of life is undoubtedly death. It is no wonder, therefore, that death is the source of the largest number and variety of euphemisms. The more oblique the reference, the better. Deep in our atavistic subconscious we know that Death is far more likely to visit us when he hears his name called directly.

Once a person has died, he is said "to buy the farm" or to have "become a landowner." His permanent new home may variously be found in the boneyard, skeleton park, marble city, or memorial park rather than in the cemetery. And American murderers who are put to death in the electric chair — the "hot squat" — are said to "get a permanent wave." Black humour, gallows humour and understatement are nothing more than the sardonic face of the euphemism.

EUPHEMISMS also have a serious and sinister face: they make the unthinkable possible. The rule simply stated is, the more bland the euphemism, the more severe the brutality.

War and persecution are the chief sources of this form of insidious duplicity, which makes victims of all who fail to question the reality behind the euphemistic fog. War itself is a "dirty" term, but "operations" are sanitary, "conflicts" are controlled and "revolutions" are righteous causes.

The Vietnam Conflict gave rise to a different version of the Bell Telephone Hour. Field-telephone wires were used to deliver electric shocks to sensitive parts of the bodies of suspected Viet Cong. The enemy were called "gooks"; it made them much easier to shoot than human beings. They lived in "structures," not huts or homes, on which there was a year around open season for "soft ordnance," which was officialese for napalm.

Persecution works best when well greased with a vocabulary of bland-sounding, conscience-soothing words and phrases. The Holy Office (the Spanish Inquisition) referred to burning heretics as an "act of faith," or *auto-da-fé*. Japanese-Americans during World War II were "interned in detention camps." The secret police in Idi Amin's Uganda were dubbed the State Research Bureau.

And the greatest crime in history against humanity would not have been possible without the Nazis' equally great crime against language. The meanings of innocent abstract nouns — *Umsiedlung*, "resettlement;" *Sonderbehandlung*, "special treatment"; *Aussiedlung*, "evacuation;" and the ultimate *Endlösung*, "final solution" — were distorted beyond all recognition by the heinous enormities they so deceptively minimized.

Today, our world leaders blithely toss around expressions like "limited nuclear capability;" "tactical delivery systems" and the latest; "mini-nuke." Whom are they fooling? Themselves? Us? Probably both.

In order to deal with euphemisms of the dangerous ilk, we first have to recognize them for what they are. In the words of Hugh Rawson, author of *A Dictionary of Euphemisms and Other Doubletalk*, euphemisms "are like radioactive isotopes. By tracing them, it is possible to see what has been (and is) going on in our language, our minds, and our culture." His dictionary, a serious, scholarly work of high calibre, will do everyone who reads it an *invaluable service.* □

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